Why we are losing the war on cancer • by Ruth Rosenbaum

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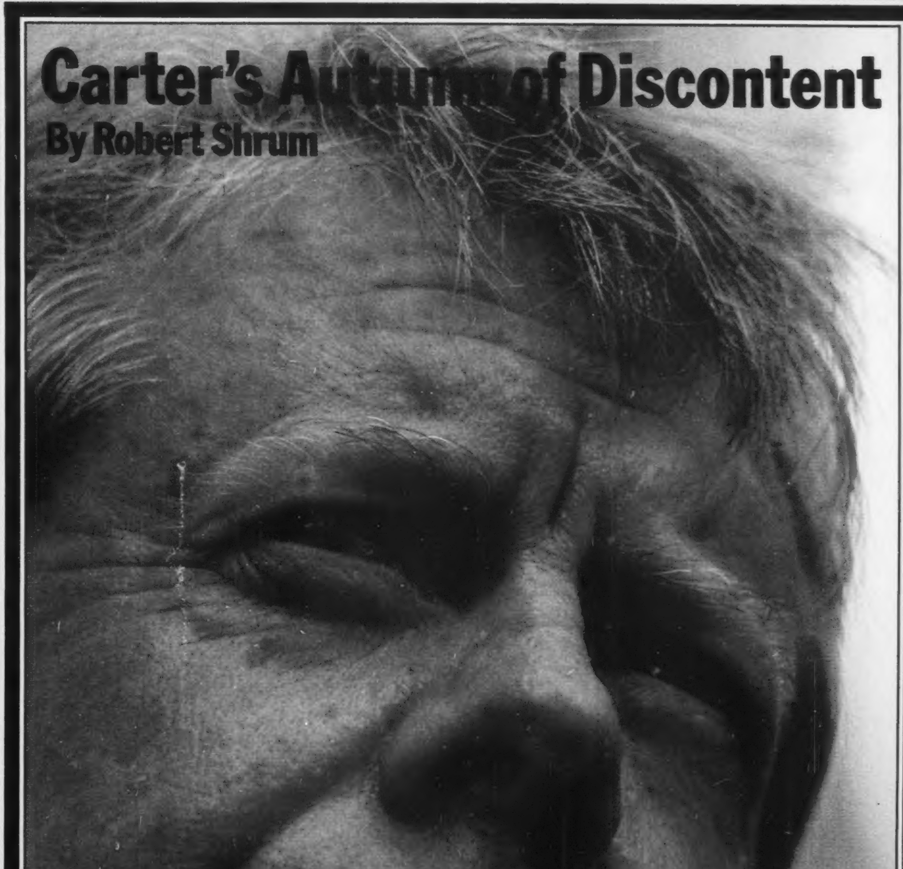

Carter's Autumn of Discontent

By Robert Shrum

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NOVEMBER 25, 1977
VOLUME 9, NUMBER 11

NewTimes

Cancer, Inc.

It's been six years and $4 billion since the U.S. declared war on cancer. But the nation's best and brightest have been fighting the dread disease with all the ham-handedness of the Vietnam effort—no victories, but plenty of light at the end of the tunnel. Apparently the American Cancer Society feels that a pound of publicity is worth an ounce of cure.

By Ruth Rosenbaum
Page 28

Another Bummer President?

Jimmy Carter's honeymoon is decidedly over. Candidates for re-election shun any association with him, audiences drift out during his speeches, and reporters have begun describing his statements with words like "gibberish." His popularity rating is the lowest for a ten-month-old presidency in a generation, and his faux pas are positively Fordian. Yep, Jimmy's in trouble—and you can depend on it.

By Robert Shrum
Page 47

The Devil in Massachusetts

A church of latter day hippies is keeping the Woodstock spirit alive in western Massachusetts. Its leader, a bewitching young man named Rapunzel, has created a furor with his commune of long-haired spiritualists. It may be that the locals don't like Rapunzel's motorcycle-gang friends, or they may resent the church's $1 million annual income—and that's not even counting gifts.

By Craig Waters
Page 52

COVER
CARTER PHOTO © 1977 ALLEN GREEN/PHOTO RESEARCHERS. BACKGROUND-GLOBE PHOTOS

Bringing the Theatre Back Home

Sam Shepard, the Bob Dylan of American theatre, is kicking out the jams again in San Francisco. The Sons of Sam—a whole new generation of regional playwrights—are doing the same coast to coast. And suddenly, theatre is generating the kind of enthusiasm that bar bands did in the sixties.

By Terry Curtis Fox
Page 65

Letters
Page 4

Crime
When you wake up you will remember nothing—not even confessing to a murder you didn't commit.
By Daniel J. Blackburn
Page 6

Finance
America's latest export: the national debt.
By Peter Stone
Page 9

The Insider
Richard Nixon gives La Casa Pacifica to the American people—for one day. (This time for real.)
Page 15

Food
A liquid protein diet has some interesting side effects, including death.
By Judith Hennessee
Page 76

REVIEWS

Books
Hammond, Hodes and all that jazz.
By Geoffrey Wolff
Page 80

Movies
The Turning Point turns middle-class menopause into something almost beautiful.
By Richard Corliss
Page 83

Records
Graham Parker's *Stick to Me* has its high points.
By Jim Miller
Page 86

Final Tribute
The Beetles—yesterday and today.
By Renee Loth
Page 88

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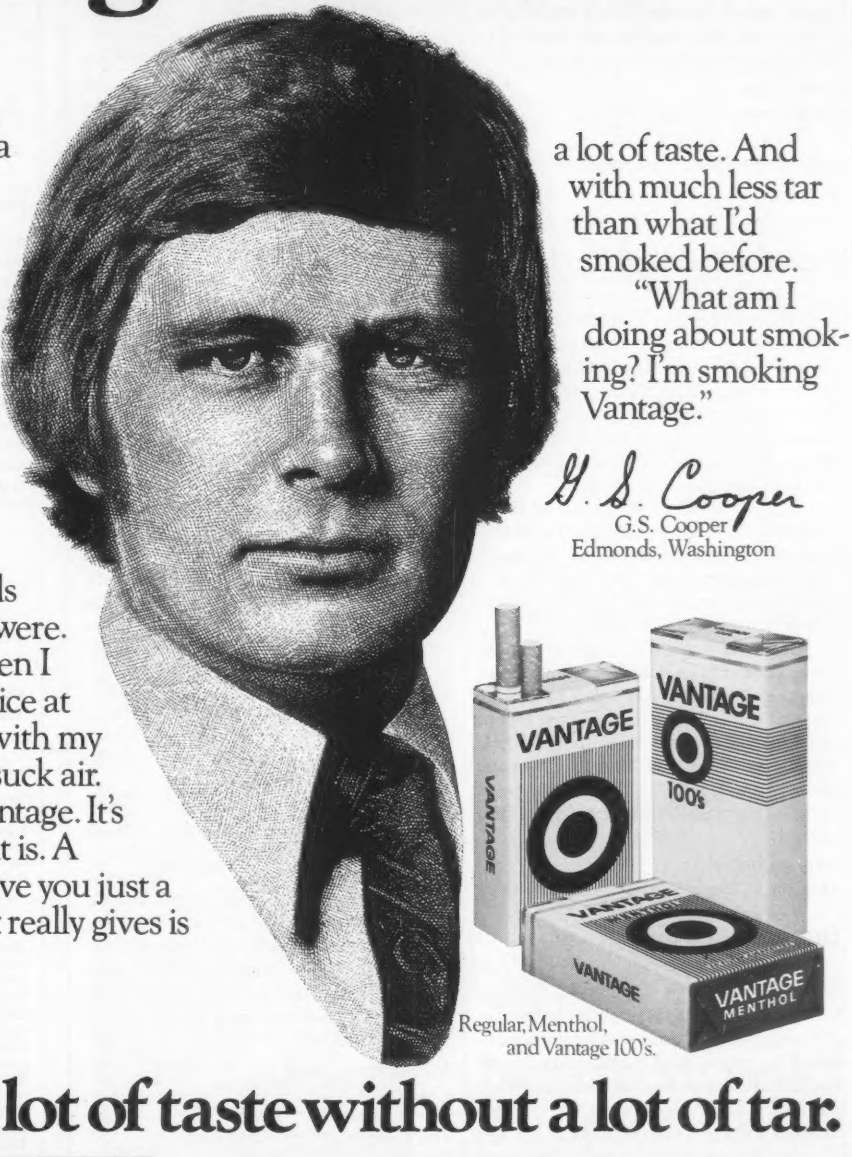
"What am I doing about smoking? I'm smoking Vantage."

G. S. Cooper

G.S. Cooper
Edmonds, Washington



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Letters

Chinatown escapades

As a recent immigrant from Hong Kong, I would like to congratulate *New Times* for spotlighting the exploitation of the Chinese people by their "leaders" ("The Golden Dragon Labor Day Massacre," October 28). I, for one, can attest to the truth and accuracy of Bill Cardoso's article. It's a crying shame that the hard work of our dedicated forefathers be blemished by these recent escapades. I hope your article can help awaken our leaders to their responsibilities to our people.

John Chan
Chinatown, Chicago, Illinois

"Clazy Joey" velly lacist headline.

E. Mankin
Venice, California

Fibrous findings

Paul Shinoff's "Environment" column (September 30) is misleading. The commentary, alleging health risks associated with fiber glass, relies heavily on the work of Dr. Mearl Stanton; yet Stanton has warned that his findings should not be used to predict what the effect might be on humans during normal exposure, stating:

> . . . the direct application of our results to the problems in man would be unwise since the method of application and the high doses employed are remote from the usual experience of man to fibers.

Epidemiological studies show there is *no chronic health effect in humans* as a result of exposure to fibrous glass. The National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health (NIOSH) stated it "does not consider fibrous glass to be a substance that produces cancer as a result of occupational exposure."

Paul Kotin, M.D.
Denver, Colorado

Backroom politics

Robert Shrum's column, "Jim Abourezk does it his way" (Party Lines, October 28) was a shocking look at Congress in action; crucial issues decided by procedural technicalities, and votes cast according to the personal, monetary and other compensations attached to the pro or con ballot.

By the way, why is it the good guys always quit?

Mike Broadbent
Oceanside, Oregon

Here comes the sun

Stephen Singular's article, "Sun Wars" (September 30) is both encouraging and extremely disturbing: encouraging that a national magazine would attempt a serious article on solar energy and that the writer would take the time to talk to a major utility company like ours about its views. It is unfortunate that once again many of the myths and half-truths about utility involvement in solar energy were perpetuated.

First, Southern California Gas Company has never suggested that as part of its proposed solar demonstration program it would charge its customers for solar energy. Customers participating would reap the benefits (in terms of lower gas utility bills) during the 5-year life of the program. Residential customers who wanted them would be able to keep the systems at no charge. For those commercial and industrial demonstration systems, provisions were made for contractual arrangements for disposition of the systems on completion of the evaluation which would be agreeable both to the customer and the utility. In all cases, participants eventually would own the solar systems if they so desired.

Second, we have proposed the solar demonstration program—which by any measurement would be the largest of its kind in the U.S.—very seriously and forthrightly. It is not a "ploy" to help in supporting other, larger projects.

P.R. Shea, Vice President
Southern California Gas Company
Los Angeles, California

Jackie 'n' Andy

Nothing short of a brilliant piece by Peter H. Wood on Andy Young (Media, October 28). The parallels traced by Wood between the treatment of Young and Jackie Robinson by the white media are unnerving because they are undeniably true. Unfortunately for ol' Andy, times haven't really changed in the thirty years since Jackie Robinson decided to instruct us white folks in baseball.

Victor Jean-Pierre
Cincinnati, Ohio

The people at *New Times* would like to hear from you. Please write to Letters, New Times, One Park Avenue, New York, NY 10016. Letters are edited for space and clarity.

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RUM REVELATIONS.

Surprising facts every rum drinker should know.

Ah, what rum drinkers don't know about rum. So Myers's thinks it's time to raise some eyebrows.

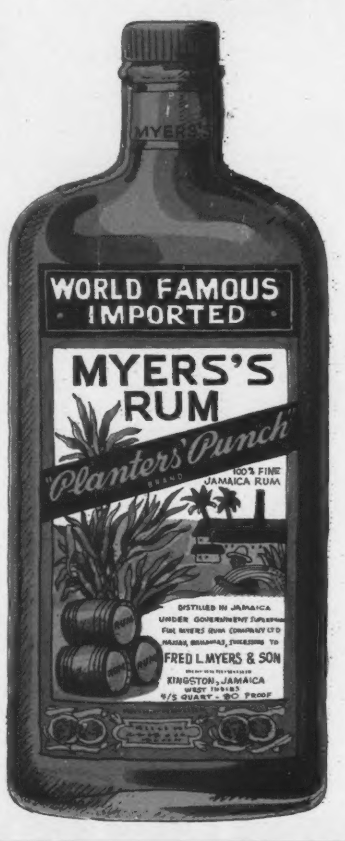
The first fact of rum.
Rum comes in three shades: white, gold, and dark. Some light rums are blended to have a barely noticeable taste. Their flavor might fade in the drink. But Myers's is blended specially to be more flavorful. The Myers's comes through the mixer.

Another surprise.
Dark rum isn't any stronger than light rum. Both are the same alcoholic proof. So Myers's isn't any stronger, even though it has a tastier rum flavor.

More revelations.
Myers's is more expensive. It's imported from Jamaica where it's made slowly, in small batches. The richer taste is worth the time. And the price.

Still another little known fact.
Caribbean bartenders mix Myers's into exotic drinks made with lighter rums. They trust Myers's to enhance the flavor. So discover for yourself the dash that Myers's adds to a simple Rum & Cola. The extra punch Myers's adds to a Planters' Punch. Here are the recipes for your pleasure.

Myers's Planters' Punch:
Combine in shaker, 3 oz. orange juice, juice of ½ lemon or lime, 1½ oz. Myers's. Add 1 tsp. superfine sugar and dash of grenadine. Shake well and serve in tall glass filled with ice. Add orange slice, cherry.



Myers's Rum and Cola:
Into a highball glass, add 1½ oz. Myers's Rum. Fill glass with cola beverage. Add slice of lemon or lime, and stir.

And finally, one last point.
Dark rum is better to use in cooking than light rum. Myers's adds a fuller rum flavor to foods. Try sprinkling Myers's over grapefruit halves. It's a simple way to create an interesting first course. Myers's makes so many rum recipes even more delicious.

So now that you know the facts, your choice should be clear: Myers's Rum.

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Crime/By Daniel J. Blackburn

Somnambulant Squealing

When the snatch of the century—the hijacking and burial of a school bus, its 33 preteen occupants and driver still inside—took place in Madera County, California, in July, 1976, authorities were hampered by a unique circumstance. Though the victims had escaped, none could provide any substantial clues to locating the three suspects. Says one investigator: "Getting statements from 33 kids, after they've been *buried in a bus for chrissakes*, is like getting no statement at all."

Attention thus shifted to the adult driver, whose memory was faulty from trauma. Ed Bates, sheriff of Madera County and special agent for the FBI, knew exactly what to prescribe for this mental lapse. Picking up the telephone, he dialed Dr. William S. Kroger, a 72-year-old Beverly Hills psychiatrist and hypnotist.

The success of Kroger in the busnap case is now history. He probed into the deep recesses of the driver's subconscious and plucked from the cellular darkness the series of letters and numbers from the suspects' vehicle license plates.

According to the jubilant Bates, expedient resolution of the case is a great breakthrough for hypnosis as a police investigation technique. "Hypnosis is perfect," he crows. "You can't get people to tell you something that they didn't see . . . obviously."

The law's rapid pounce on the Chowchilla kidnap quarry was watched with keen interest by Robert Baker, district attorney in and for the county of Shasta, California. Baker was then wrestling with a tough case of his own, the brutal stabbing of Terry Lynn Ray, 15, the night of July 7, 1976. Investigators had no suspects, despite having interviewed 200 persons; lie-detector tests had been administered to 20 of those. One of the 20 was Tina Crume, 17-year-old daughter of a prominent Redding chiropractor and sometime-companion of Ray.

The girl professed amnesia regarding the estimated time of death of the victim, a contention substantiated by the polygraph.

Baker asked Crume (who by now, Baker admits, had become a suspect in the killing) to submit to hypnosis: "You don't want to go around the rest of your life not *knowing*, do you?" Crume consented, and Baker contacted Dr. Kroger.

When the hypnotist arrived in Redding, he was accompanied by Richard Douce, an FBI agent assigned to the behavior sciences division in the Los Angeles office, whom Kroger introduced as his "medical assistant."

During the trance, Crume made what Baker calls a "culpable" statement: "She said she did it."

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

When Tina emerged from the hypnotic haze, feeling very pleasant (a posthypnotic suggestion to that effect had been implanted in her subconscious), she was charged with homicide.

Word of the "investigative breakthrough" spread rapidly through California legal circles. Ephraim Margolin, a San Francisco lawyer and advisory counsel for the Northern California American Civil Liberties Union, entered the case.

"For the first time, they were asking questions of a suspect, not of a witness," says Margolin. The recorded interview with Crume begins with a voice, probably that of FBI agent Douce, saying, "Shall we read her Miranda rights?" Margolin quickly assembled sufficient evidence to convince Baker that dismissal of charges was appropriate.

"That's one that backfired," Dr. Kroger says of the Crume case. His fee for the malfunction: $750 plus expenses.

"In this particular case," says Margolin, "the good doctor was satisfied that he had found the culprit, and he almost convicted an innocent person."

Agent Douce, himself a practiced hypnotist, agrees with Kroger's theory of "batting averages" and "optimizing the gains and minimizing the losses."

"The Crume case was a sour note" in the FBI's new hypnosis program, Douce says. Along as "an observer," Douce recalls the interview: "That was a very unfortunate incident. It is the type of thing that has the effect of torpedoing everything we are trying to gain. We like to forget about that as much as possible."

Agent Douce has reason to "forget." The small step over the line—questioning *suspects* rather than witnesses with the use of hypnosis—jeopardizes his current function. With Dr. Kroger, Douce is training in Los Angeles an elite group of FBI agents, all of whom will be equipped upon completion of the program to utilize hypnosis in the field.

The pilot program has been authorized by Clarence Kelley, FBI director, and is being watched closely by Washington.

In addition, police forces in New York City, Los Angeles and Israel are beginning to prowl about in the murkiness of human subconscious.

Use of hypnosis as an investigative technique raises a number of very difficult questions; least critical, probably, is the potential for use of hypnosis-obtained statements of suspects in court. Many legal experts agree that this day, hopefully, is far in the future. Hypnosis is far from an advanced science.

The real threat lies in the use of mental scouring to acquire new facts—new leads—in tough cases, and then acting on those hypnosis-elicited tips through more conventional investigation methods. A suspect could unknowingly implicate himself while in a trance, and never know how authorities were able to piece together the pertinent facts necessary to gain a lasting—albeit questionable—conviction.

Today, the killer of Terry Lynn Ray remains at large. ●

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Finance/By Peter Stone

The New Dollar Diplomacy

KINGSTON, JAMAICA, JULY 4, 1978 (AP)—*The Jamaican government announced today the repudiation of its $4 million debt to New York's Chase Manhattan Bank. Prime Minister Michael Manley said that, "It was not in the Jamaican peoples' best interest to continue mortgaging the present and the future to the past." Citing Jamaica's need for "food, housing, and clothing," Manley charged that U.S. banks would only extend further loans if Jamaica adopted greater austerity, balanced its budget, cut back on public services, and allowed more U.S. investment.*

A high-level executive of the Chase Manhattan Bank said he was "completely surprised" by the Jamaican "default on their obligations" and that Chase Manhattan had only followed the International Monetary Fund's (IMF) conditions. The Chase statement said that the bank was deeply interested in "maintaining a stable international monetary system," and urged other Third World countries "to think carefully about the consequences of Jamaica's actions."

Our old friend, the specter of falling dominoes, is once again haunting politicians, economists and bankers. But this time around, the dominoes are the biggest private U.S. banks—Bank of America, Citibank, Chase Manhattan, etc.—and the less developed oil importing countries (LDCs), which in recent years have accumulated a total foreign debt estimated at $150-250 billion, of which roughly $50 billion is owed just to U.S. banks. Although no LDCs have defaulted and no banks have fallen, the growth of U.S. bank loans to the LDCs has created such an enormous debt that just the thought of a possible default is having widespread impact on U.S. banking policy, and to some extent on U.S. foreign policy. Chase Manhattan's David Rockefeller warned in a recent speech that the LDCs must take "difficult action to reduce their own deficits, even though this involves the painful process of slowing economic growth." And in September, the *Wall Street Journal* editorially attacked the International Monetary Fund's $10 billion Witteveen Facility, designed to aid LDCs in danger of defaulting on their loans, calling it "The Banker's Relief Act of 1977."

These fears are not entirely new, but they received a fresh stimulus in mid-September, when the Subcommittee on Foreign Economic Policy of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee released a highly pessimistic report detailing how the loans to the LDCs have become a house of cards. The report emphasizes these changes.

- In 1960, there were only 8 banks with assets of $3.5 billion that had overseas branches; by 1976, over 100 banks had assets of $181 billion.

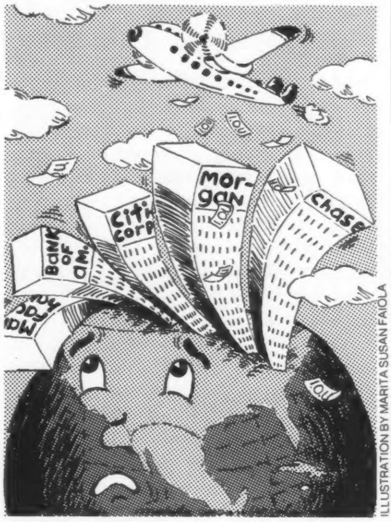


ILLUSTRATION BY MARITA SUSAN FAIOLA

- The foreign earnings of the top 5 U.S. banks, Bank of America, Chase Manhattan, Citibank, J.P. Morgan and Manufacturers Hanover, grew by $500 million between 1970-75; their domestic earnings rose by only $17 million.
- Private bank loans to the LDCs have jumped from 20 percent of their total loans in 1971-73 to more than 40 percent in 1974-76.
- On the average, LDCs are spending 20 percent of their export earnings yearly to service the debt—and in some cases as much as 40 percent.

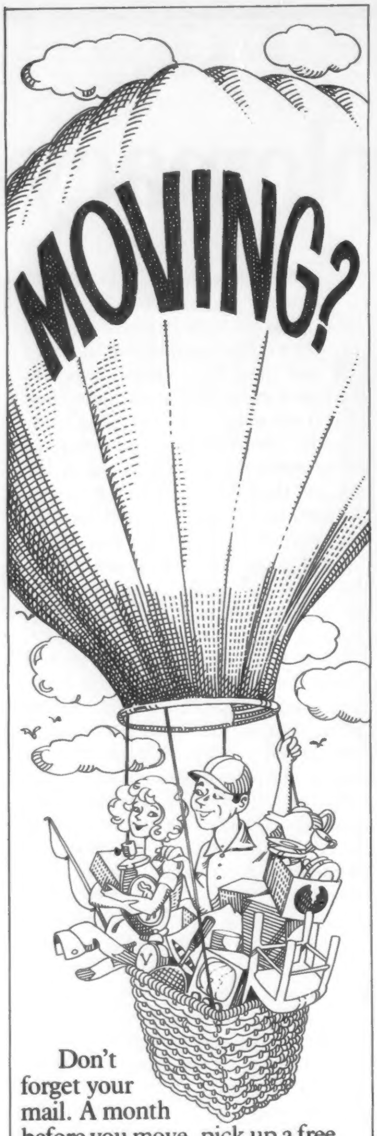
How and why did the private U.S. banks start lending heavily to the Third World? Put very simply, overseas loans began in the 1960s as more and more U.S. corporations expanded their operations, and foreign lending increased as a natural service to the new multinational corporations. At the same time, there was a drop in domestic loan demand, spurring foreign loans. The Senate study confirmed the belief of many economists that the real turning point for bank expansion was in 1973, when OPEC quadrupled the price of oil and the LDCs (which imported oil) needed more funds to cover their higher trade deficits. In 1973, the study contends, the traditional international lending institutions, such as the World Bank and the IMF, were unable to supply the increased demand, and the U.S. banks moved in to fill the gap. Some experts argue that OPEC price rises were not the factor motivating the U.S. banks, but that the price hikes simply accelerated the earlier shift.

To be sure, one factor that perked the banks' enthusiasm for foreign lending was the new currency (Eurodollar) market, that was created for international capital and which, as the Senate study indicates, consists of dollars, D-Marks and yen on deposit with a bank outside this country. What makes this currency special is that it's basically unregulated—there is no one agency, national or international, authorized to control banking practices. Indeed, foreign branches are exempt from even such basic regulations as the minimum reserve requirement.

Moreover, there are bank havens or bank-secrecy countries such as the Bahamas, the Cayman Islands, Luxembourg and Singapore, where banks are legally forbidden to give information to other governments, and where banks have set up "shell" or "brass plate" branches to avoid local taxes; and these branches also enable banks to spread their taxes over different areas and thus keep down their total tax bills.

However, what is most striking about the U.S. banks' overseas incursion is its highly concentrated nature. Six banks have made two-thirds of all loans to the developing countries. An equally select group of countries, led by Brazil and Mexico and including Argentina, Peru, Chile, Colombia, Taiwan, Thailand. South Korea and the Philippines have received over 70 percent of all loan monies. And most importantly, the Federal Reserve Board estimates that two-thirds of all loans to LDCs are due in 1977–78.

Naturally, this degree of concentration is an added worry for those bankers and economists concerned with a possible default, since it would increase any default's impact, and



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might trigger a chain reaction, which is where the IMF and their Witteveen Facility come in. David Rockefeller views the Witteveen Facility as a necessity, and has said publicly that the "bank debt to a number of these countries has been expanding at a rate that should not—and cannot—be sustained." The $10 billion used to set up the Witteveen Facility so that it can provide temporary assistance to countries in financial trouble is supposed to have come from a group of nations including the U.S., Japan, West Germany and Saudi Arabia. And Congress is now being asked to authorize a $1.7 billion U.S. contribution.

But at the heart of the controversial Witteveen Facility is its so-called "conditionality," which, as the name implies, are conditions the IMF requires LDCs to meet before, during and after they receive loans. Dr. Irving Friedman, a senior vice-president of Citibank and a prominent backer of the Witteveen Facility, contends that "the fund isn't in the business of lending to countries, but in administering an international code of behavior. The fund's impact is getting countries to change their economic policies." And David Rockefeller has advocated these economic nostrums for LDCs: "Inflation must be brought under control, overvalued exchange rates eliminated, and a more positive policy adopted toward encouraging foreign investment."

The Senate report is quite explicit in warning that the IMF wields a powerful economic and political club; unless the LDCs meet IMF conditions, new loans can be withheld. In addition, the U.S. banks can "link" their loans to IMF conditions by requiring them as prerequisites. The study concludes that while IMF policies may bring a balanced budget, "they may also lead to higher unemployment, cuts in social welfare programs and a generally lower standard of living for the people. . . . In some countries such austerity measures may be carried out at the expense of human and civil liberties."

Although he reluctantly supports the Witteveen Facility, Senator Proxmire is concerned that there's no congressional control over the almost $2 billion U.S. contribution to the fund. "There's a go-go syndrome," he says, "where banks are judged on the basis of their growth and that becomes their *raison d'etre*. But there's no reason why the federal government should make it so easy for them." Other critics, like Senator Frank Church, charge that the Witteveen Facility is at best a band aid, given the total foreign debt of $150-250 billion. And even Dr. Irving Friedman thinks that a $100 billion figure is more realistic. Meanwhile, Treasury Secretary Blumenthal and other members of the Carter Administration are pushing hard for a closer partnership between the IMF and U.S. banks—a kind of finely choreographed *pas de deux*, in which the U.S. banks would be taking less risks with their loans by "linking" them to IMF conditions, and the IMF would do the unpleasant work of dictating austerity to the LDCs. Blumenthal has also advocated "mixed financing" packages using both U.S. bank and IMF funds.

Cloudy is perhaps the clearest way to describe the future, with growing protectionism and tariffs threatening to curtail major exports and cut back vital imports of the LDCs. New oil price rises and any recession would add to the LDCs' already heavy debt burden. In recent years, a number of countries including Argentina, Chile, Brazil, Peru, Uruguay and, this year, Zaire have fallen behind in their loan repayments and have had their debts rescheduled. In some cases, the countries have technically been in default, but have not been declared so, for fear that it might cause a panic. With almost two-thirds of LDC loans coming due in 1977 and 1978, there are going to be many more debt reschedulings and renegotiations. Zaire is still a trouble spot and Irving Friedman and Citibank are working to put together another $250 million loan, but Zaire has balked at the bank's terms requiring a short rather than a medium term payback. Peru is also in for difficult times, according to estimates that they may have to use as much as 40 percent of their export earnings this year to pay off loan debts. And Peru has already been through the wringer of IMF "conditionality," which sparked the resignations of two Peruvian finance ministers and sizable demonstrations.

In the back of many critics' minds, but probably quite vivid still in the LDCs' memories, is what happened to Chile during the Allende regime. In a nutshell, Chile was economically strangled by the withholding of loans and credit, both public and private, and the main agent of its undoing was the United States. Direct parallels don't exist at present, but many of the same ingredients, the same means of subversion, still exist in the cozy nexus between U.S. banks and the IMF, and are currently being refined and expanded. Ultimately, foreign debt crises are not just economists' abstractions, as journalist and author Emma Rothschild told a Senate subcommittee: "Debt and foreign exchange crises bring great human misery. Zaire is a country where people are desperately poor, and also where people depend upon imported food. In a debt crisis, people are sometimes unable to purchase essential imports. And for poor people in Kinshasa, essential imports can mean food to eat or clothes to wear."●

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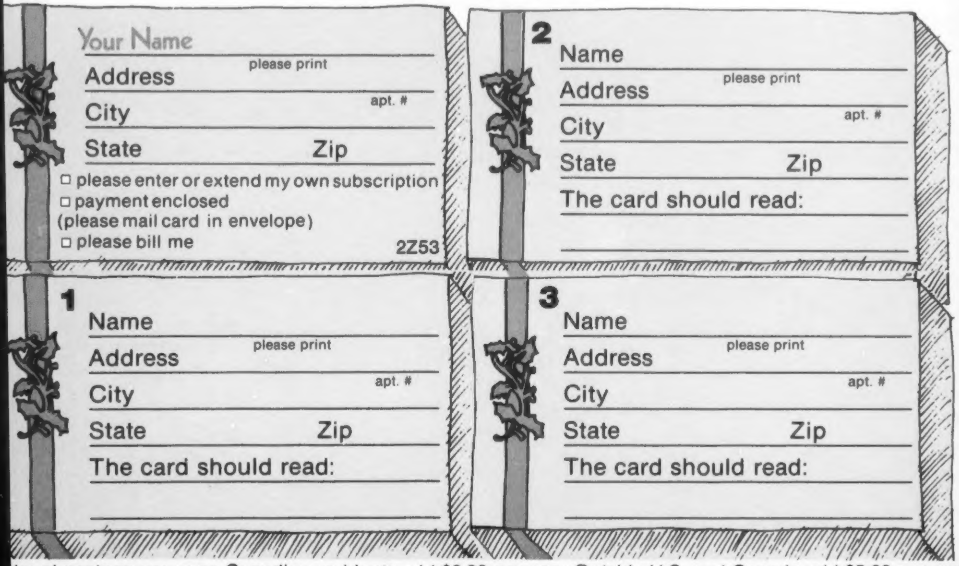

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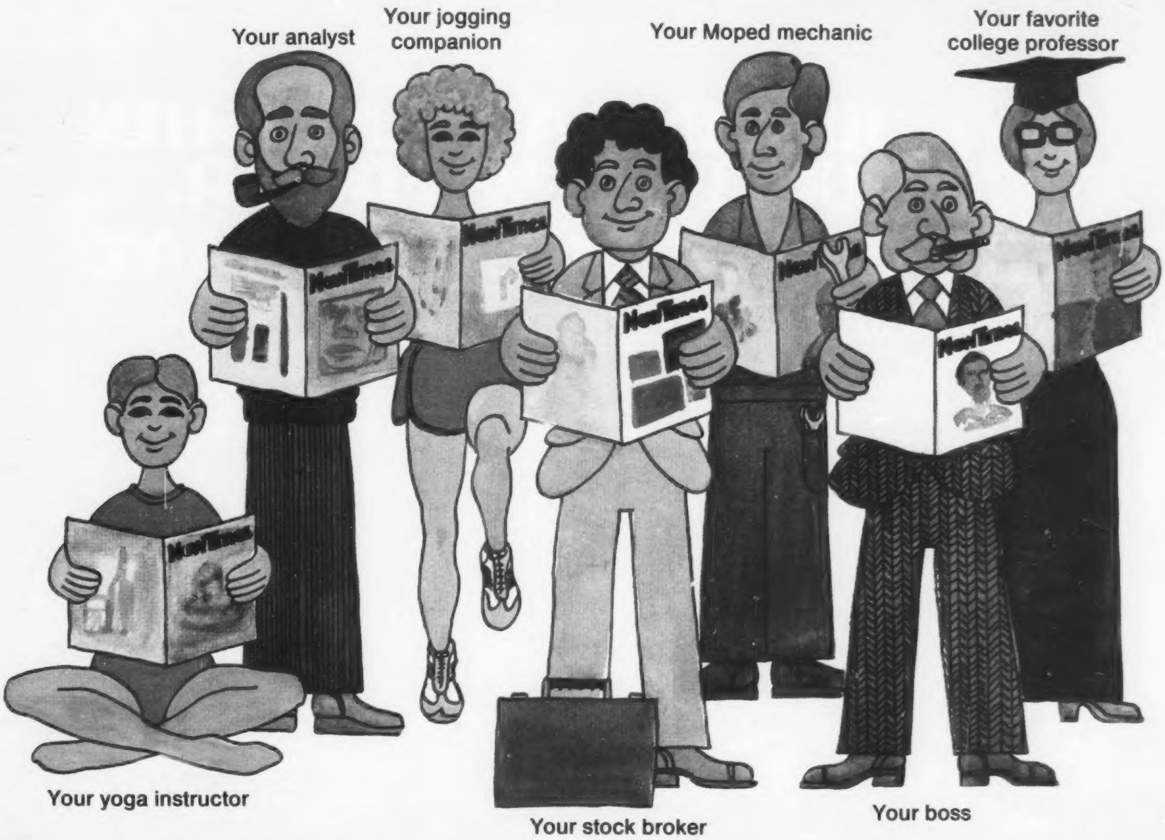
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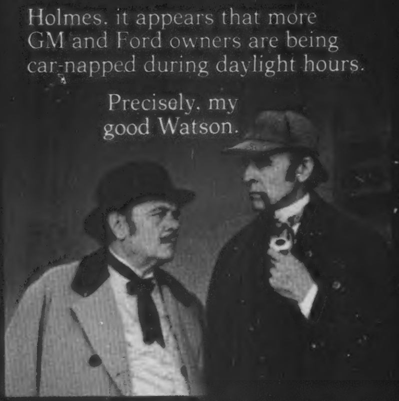
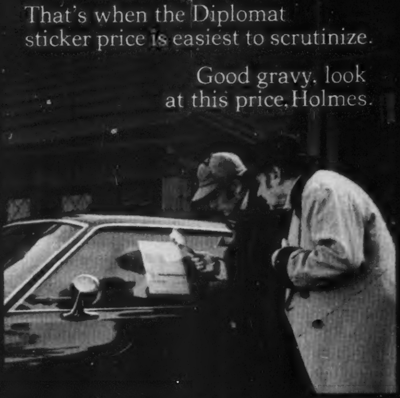
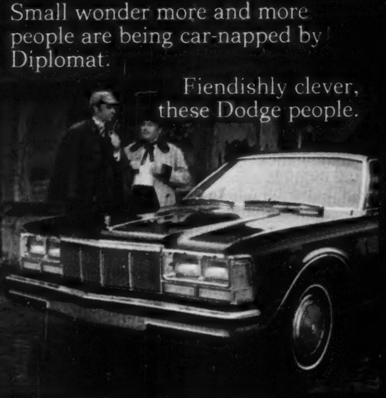
THE PERFECT GIFT


Holmes, it appears that more GM and Ford owners are being car-napped during daylight hours.
Precisely, my good Watson.


That's when the Diplomat sticker price is easiest to scrutinize.
Good gravy, look at this price, Holmes.


Small wonder more and more people are being car-napped by Diplomat.
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The Insider

Politics

Imperial Congress, Part VII: We Buy Their Dog-Sled Dinners

Well, we might as well know what we pay for. The members of Congress recently voted themselves a 350 percent increase in "official" expense account money—from $2,000 to $7,000. (This was in compensation for their recent reformist spasm outlawing unofficial office expense accounts—slush funds.) And what did they—we—buy?

Rep. Joseph McDade (R-Pa.) picked up two tickets to a Harry James concert and billed the House for "an Easter greeting in the Polish American Journal." Rep. Harry Waxman (D-Cal.) charged you, citizen, for his subscription to *TV Guide*. Rep. Fred Rooney (D-Pa.) wrote off $1,500 for 50 copies of the pictorial book, *These United States;* Rep. George Miller (D-Cal.) billed the House for $60 worth of birth records in his district and $222.50 for photographs sent to constituents.

Rep. Charles Wiggins (R-Ca.), besides charging the government $100 for his annual American Bar Association dues, also collected on dues for his country club and the Fullerton Chamber of Commerce. Rep. Benjamin Gillman (R-N.Y.) wrote off some 20 organizations, ranging from the Boy Scouts to the Warwick Valley Humane Society and Masonic War Veterans. "You have to understand that Ben is a joiner," an aide to the Congressman offered.

Rep. Don Young (R-Alaska) decided to feed constituents who were "participating in the North American Dog Races" on the House, and took another constituent to lunch for an even $100. "Food is more expensive in Alaska," explained an aide. Ah, but some Representatives still have a conscience. Don Mitchell (R-N.Y.) recently put in for a $3.10 lunch at—no Sans Souci for him—Burger King. Go on, Don, have an extra shake. It's on us.

WIDE WORLD

Wiggins: We'll pick up the Bar bill

Back From the Middle East, Blumenthal Bad News Bares

Secretary of the Treasury Michael Blumenthal had just returned from his trip to the Mideast last week when he decided to brief Senate leaders on his meetings and evaluations. He was a stern Secretary. "I do not want to be pessimistic but I am," he said, expressing the casebook Carter administration attitude toward the situation: the reason he cited was his estimation of Israeli resistance to every concession necessary for peace.

PHOTOGRAPH BY DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Onward Christian Soldiers

Carter Borne by Bourne on Crusade; State Dept. Chafes

Dr. Peter Bourne, the director of the Office of Drug Abuse Policy and long-time Carter friend (at one point touted by the Washington *Post* and himself as "closest" Carter friend) has persuaded the President that the United States should prepare an "all-out worldwide war against illness and overpopulation."

This old-fashioned liberal concept of universal benevolence met an obstacle with the State Department, which saw no reason to fool around in sensitive areas, no matter how noble the intent. Bourne rounded the obstacle through his access to Carter, who was engaged by the crusade and said yes.

Walt DeeCee's True-Life Adventures Of Life in the Washingtonian Wilds

Vacationing: Senators, their wives and staff members (one apiece)—at citizens' expense. They'll be leaving on a slow boat to the Canal Zone on December 24 for a fact-finding tour. The most important facts to be found could only concern clouds, waves and sea gulls: it will take four days to travel down and four back. Total time to be spent in the Zone: two days. "You're taking a *boat*? ' we asked one senator incredulously. "Either that," he answered happily, "or a very slow plane."

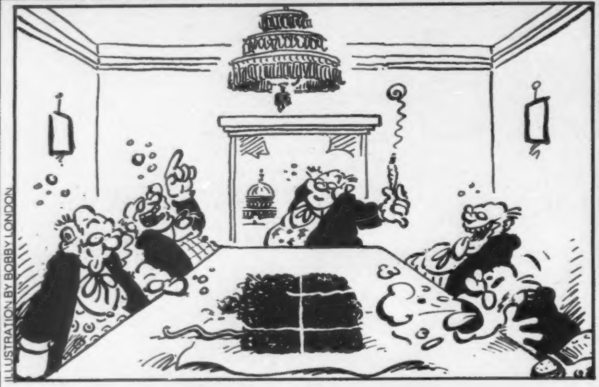
Furious: Senators James Abourezk (D.—S. D.) and Howard Metzenbaum (D—Ohio). Vice President Mondale had called Senator Gary Hart to apologize after he'd smashed the national gas policy filibuster, but neglected to call the filibuster's generals—Ab and Metz.

Sober: Colorado Democrats. When the Carter advance staff gave a party for the volunteers who'd helped to arrange the Denver stop on the President's visit, one Colorado party official saw cases of Coors beer being carted in. "Hey! You can't serve that beer," he told a White House advance person. "The AFL-CIO, the Colorado Labor Council and the Democratic Committee are all boycotting Coors." (The Coors strike goes on.) The White House advance person informed the Colorado Democrat that "the Democratic party doesn't represent the President. He's non-partisan." "I hope," said the Coloradan, "that Joe Coors will help him in 1980."

Recuperating: The Carter aide who suggested at a recent DNC meeting (that followed the disastrous west coast trip) that California be written off in the 1980 elections, that the President's strength lies in the industrial states.

Throttlebottoming Out: Walter F. Mondale, with whom the President reportedly never conferred on the subject of Bert Lance.

—Walt DeeCee



Don't Bogart that Reefer, Senator Eastland

Things brightened up around the Senate when, in discussing the Criminal Code Reform Act of 1977, marijuana reform came up.

The new bill calls possession of less than an ounce an "infraction," essentially a parking-ticket reprimand.

Some of the committee members obviously had had little marijuana experience. They couldn't remember what the proper amount to make illegal was. "They kept saying ten ounces instead of ten grams," recalls a Judiciary Committee staffer. "It was funny because they'd say ten grams are roughly ten cigarettes."

"It all depends how you roll them . . . " said Edward Kennedy of Massachusetts, adding, "Well, I've been told."

Senator Joseph Biden of Delaware was irritated by the second day of hearings. "Now look," he said, addressing Birch Bayh of Indiana, "I know last time Orin Hatch said you could get 70 cigarettes out of an ounce. And you said you could only get 30. Ted Kennedy said you could get 40. Now what in the hell are we talking about?"

Senator Bayh smiled triumphantly. "Funny you should ask that," he said, and laid four bags on the Judiciary Committee's table: one ounce rolled, one ounce straight; then ten grams rolled and ten grams straight. Senator James Eastland of Mississippi, who'd served in the Senate for 36 years, took his cigar from his mouth and looked at Bayh. Bayh circled the table, passing Senators Kennedy, Biden and Abourezk and, smiling, leaned over Chairman Eastland. "Oregano," he said. The men later determined that from an ounce, an efficient but generous roller could get a solid 28 joints.

—*Mark Lewis*

Super-Right Runs Rampant

Himmler of Mayberry

Sieg heil, y'all. For the last six weeks, the locals near Raleigh, North Carolina, have had a chance for a little bit of old Nuremberg in their own home town. Dialing the right number will bring a recorded message of Nazi invective, pounding of boots and strains of the Nazi marching song "Horst Wessel." A clipped voice spits out a celebration of "Aryan purity" and attacks the "genocide of race mixing."

The messages (also advertised in local papers) come from the cheery walnutto brain of Harold A. Covington, 23, an American Nazi who carries a .357magnum and who lost an October election for city council—for which the messages had been taped. "Who can learn when dangerous packs of baboons are running through the halls?" Covington asks on one tape. "How about it, honky," he implores, "are you gonna let blacks keep pushing you around" when they "rape, murder and steal practically at will."

Covington, "Commander" of the National Socialist Party of North Carolina, used to serve in the Rhodesian Army. He says he was deported for founding the "Rhodesian White People's Party." In his own humble words: "I'm one of those rare people who've been kicked out of Rhodesia for being a racist."

—*David Zucchino*

Berkeley Barbecue

On September 28, staff members at Berkeley's Hillel Foundation Jewish community center were stunned to discover that their *Sukkah* had been dragged into the street and demolished. This past spring, Chabad House, a residence for orthodox Hassidic Jews, was attacked by a student who tore down its fence and shouted, "Hitler was right, kill all the Jews." Several months before, a rooftop barbecue by Chabad residents drew taunts of "Gas 'em, gas 'em, burn the Jews" from members of a local fraternity. "The kids today really believe that if they play the game by the rules they'll get their reward," explains one Berkeley professor. "Then when they get left out because of some 'special group', their reaction is one of rage." Rabbi Stephen Robbins, director of the Hillel Foundation at Berkeley, echoes these sentiments: "Jews in the U.S. are probably the most successful minority economically . . . and we symbolize a threat because of it."

The incidents at Chabad and Hillel, paralleled by similar assaults on other campus minorities, are perhaps best explained by James Kelley, the editor of the Berkeley student newspaper: "You don't want to be out there fighting other people's battles like they did in the sixties, you want to fight your own."

—*Paul Grabowicz*

Richard Nixon's Fare Deal

The Bus Stops Here

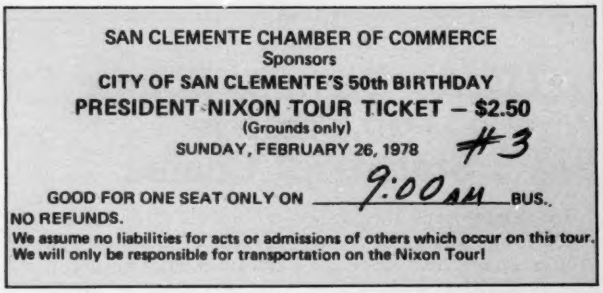
". . . and on your left, near that Irish setter, is the spot where John Ehrlichman offered the FBI directorship to Judge Matthew Byrne . . ."

Richard Nixon is giving San Clemente a birthday present. In honor of the town's 50th birthday celebration, the former president is opening the grounds of his estate for one day of public bus tours next February 26. The 20-minute trip through La Casa Pacifica will cost $2.50, but it's too late to get tickets—all 8,000 available seats are already gone.

"We've had calls from all over the country, and even from London," marveled Chamber of Commerce Executive Manager Alex Goodman. "It's unbelievable how many people want to come and see the original Western White House."

The proceeds will help pay for the birthday festivities. "We felt we shouldn't take any taxpayers' money for the party," said Goodman, possibly taking into consideration the sizable amount that went to improving the estate during the Nixon presidency.

At this point, reports that former Disneyland Jungle Cruise guide Ron Ziegler will be manning a microphone have not been confirmed. As for P., he hasn't indicated whether or not he'll be on hand, although it seems a safe bet that if his memoirs are finished by then, he'll be hawking them at the gate.



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But now there's the TPB-800, the first portable 8-track that's a Sony.

It gives you an easy side loading tape compartment. Both automatic and manual program selection. An LED program indicator. Continuous tone control. And a 3-way power supply and lightweight cabinet with a fold down handle for complete portability.

But more important than any features the TPB-800 gives you is the sound it gives you. A quality of sound that's previously been unheard of in a portable.

So if you'd like one for the road, stop into a Sony dealer and pick up a TPB-800.

You'll be singing its praises from that day on.

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California Suggests Secession; U.S. Asks: Where Do We Sign?

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

With the born-again peanut farmer firmly implanted in the White House, some top aides of California Governor Jerry Brown have supplanted their dreams of national glory with the pleasant little fantasy of secession.

Seventies

This fit of California dreaming revolves around *Ecotopia*, a little tract written in 1974 by Berkeley film critic Ernest Callenbach, which urges the withdrawal of northern California, Oregon and Washington in order to form a more ecologically perfect union.

Stewart Brand, late of the *Whole Earth Catalog* and now a paid consultant to the governor, openly favors secession and sees a mini-Ecotopia already arising in Brown's recent policies. Certainly Sacramento's stand in favor of solar over nuclear power and the decision to replace 100 state cars with bicycles sounds too intelligent to have emanated from plutonium- and gas-crazy Washington.

Ecotopia mania is finding an official home in recently-created Office of Appropriate Technology. OAT, the brainchild of state architect Sym van der Ryn and the state director of planning and research, Bill Press, seeks to find low-energy-consuming, non-polluting solutions to California's myriad transportation and industrial problems.

Although other Brown aides who generally favor ectopian ideas dismiss any thought of secession in the near future, van der Ryn, like Brand, thinks California might be better off if they lopped off the rest of the country. "I often wonder what the hell we get out of having a country that big," he maintains. "I don't know if we need a federal government. Europe does well with smaller borders. I think secession is something that should seriously be talked about."

Van der Ryn believes Brown already understands the basic ecotopian concept of a "static state" no-growth economy and is anxious to help California get there as painlessly as possible. "It's what we're working on up here," van der Ryn says. "Either we'll be there by design or we'll be there by default—I'd rather be there by design." Brown, however, has made no mention of such concepts on his recent job-hunting trips to Japan and Wall Street. *—Joel Kotkin*

ALBERT CANFORA PAYS PRICE OF PROTESTING KENT AS NEIGHBORS STRIKE HIM FROM CITY COUNCIL

Albert Canfora's son Alan was wounded during the Kent State shootings on May 4, 1970. On July 12, Albert—a Barberton, Ohio, city councilman—and the other five members of his family were arrested for refusing to leave the site of a proposed Kent State gymnasium to be built on the site of the shooting.

Almost immediately after their arrests were televised, petitions began to circulate around Barberton to recall Albert Canfora from his city council position (*NT*, August 19). In a special election on October 18, voters in his ward rejected him—474 votes to 133.

"To me," he said, "it's just nothing but another sequence in the long history of May 4, 1970. I'm willing to go along with that sequence. I've done what any parent can do, which is stand by my family."

COLUMBIA, MARCAS REG. © 1977 CBS INC.

The Magic Of Billy Cobham.

When Billy Cobham waves his drumsticks, magical things happen: Sparks fly, thunder rends the air and audiences rise cheering to their feet. Because of his contributions to the Mahavishnu Orchestra, the Cobham/Duke Band and his own groups, Billy Cobham has become one of the most respected drummers in the world—and certainly the most imitated.

Billy's new album, "Magic," contains the funkiest, wittiest and most inventive music he's ever made, and features his great new band.

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"Magic."

Musical sorcery from The Source—Billy Cobham.
On Columbia Records and Tapes.

Produced by Billy Cobham for Bilham Cobly Productions.

Coupons de Gas Bring Premium Of Free Silver, No Fuel

Back in 1974, when the country was reeling under the effects of the energy crisis, then-Treasury Secretary and energy 'czar' William Simon had three different types of rationing coupons printed—by private companies and by the Bureau of Engraving.

Only after they were printed up was it discovered that dollar change machines couldn't tell the difference between a dollar bill and the rationing coupon.

Energy Department officials are very close-mouthed. None of the 4.8 billion coupons were destroyed, they say. "They're being stored in a climate controlled atmosphere in a military installation out West—we're not allowed to know the specific location."

Press spokesmen for the Energy Department claim that the coupons "were perforated so they couldn't go through" change machines. But according to an informed source within the department, one of the three sets of coupons *can* be used as illegal tender.

—Josh Martin

The Word

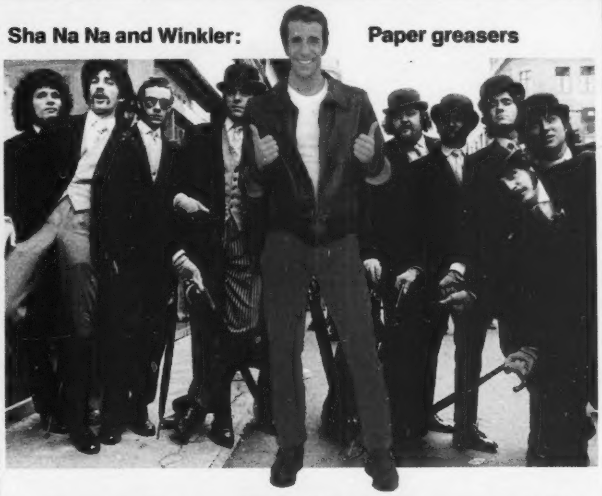
Meeropols by the Swimming Pools:

Hollywood Rediscovers Rosenbergs

Hollywood has found a new cause in an old case: The Rosenbergs, executed over two decades ago as Soviet spies, are commanding the attention of some of tinsel town's brightest stars. A gala bash, to raise funds for the freedom of information lawsuit against the FBI filed by Robert and Michael Meeropol, the sons of the Rosenbergs, was held on November 13 at the home of Gordon Stulberg.

Among the celebrities pledging funds in the continuing Rosenberg fight are Ed Asner, Roscoe Lee Brown, Richard Dreyfuss, Carroll O'Connor, John Randolph, Will Geer, Ralph Waite, Jack Warden and James Whitmore. For at least two of the stars, Geer and Randolph, the Rosenberg case has a special personal significance—as blacklisted actors in the fifties they too felt the force of anti-Communist hysteria.

Sha Na Na and Winkler: **Paper greasers**



CHILLAG & MCBROOM/GLOBE PHOTOS

Fonz Says 'I'm Not Paranoid' After Sha Na Na Nyahs Him

In an August appearance on *Direct News*, a mini-interview series aired on FM stations around the country, Bowser of Sha Na Na described Henry Winkler's "Fonzie" character as essentially fraudulent: "The tough guys of the fifties were *not* nice to the straight kids in school and they didn't have hearts of gold. Fonzie never existed and Happy Days never existed."

During a recent taping of a yet-to-be-aired installment of *Direct News* Winkler immediately exploded about the Sha Na Na incident. "A bunch of greaseballs who make mediocre music are calling *me* a rip-off," he snapped. "That's great. That's just great."

Winkler, about whom the fanzines have circulated virtually every degrading bit of groundless gossip imaginable, was so disturbed by the criticism that he later interrupted his own plug for *Heroes*, his new film, to seriously ask whether Sha Na Na had said anything about the film. When he was assured they had not, Winkler replied, "I'm not paranoid. Let them live and be well and make music."

But as soon as the tape stopped rolling, Winkler was on his feet, literally ranting: "This negates my entire life. What they said. It negates everything I've lived for." After calming down a bit, Winkler shook his head, moaned, "George C. Scott and Bette Davis watch 'Happy Days.' They *love* Fonzie. Both of them. They told me so."

—Sam Merrill

'Encounters' Screening Socko As Columbia Stock Sizzles

Only hours after an unusual, late November 6 Sunday night screening of Columbia Pictures' $22 million glorious UFO spectacle, *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*, at which film critics and investors packed New York's huge Ziegfeld Theatre, strange Sci-Fi tremors struck the New York Stock Exchange. Columbia Pictures stock had been floundering following a preview pan of *Encounters* in *New York* magazine. The stock was at 15 as late as October 31. By the afternoon following the *Close Encounters* preview, the stock had risen to a healthy 19 1/8, one of the market's most active issues, with trade nearing 200,000 shares; the next day it had risen to 20.

Because close encounters of film people and investors look like an SEC-prohibited influence on stock movement, corporate spokespeople were understandably tight-lipped on the stock takeoff. They wouldn't comment on whether the sneak preview was an attempt to counter *New York's* unfavorable word, or if the screening was arranged by the corporate division to bolster investor confidence. "New company financial stability is not due to one blockbuster. It takes five years hard work," claims Gene Vagnini, publicity spokesperson, admitting, however, that "some bankers were in the audience."

The picture's climax was without Steven Spielberg's planned use of a song from a 1939 Walt Disney movie resonant both to *Close Encounters* and to us as part of our collective past. The studio removed it, drying up Spielberg's original concept a little; *The Insider* missed it, but thought the picture was the most wonderful it had seen in a long while, the sweetest this side of Oz.

Close Encounters: Orchestrated bullishness

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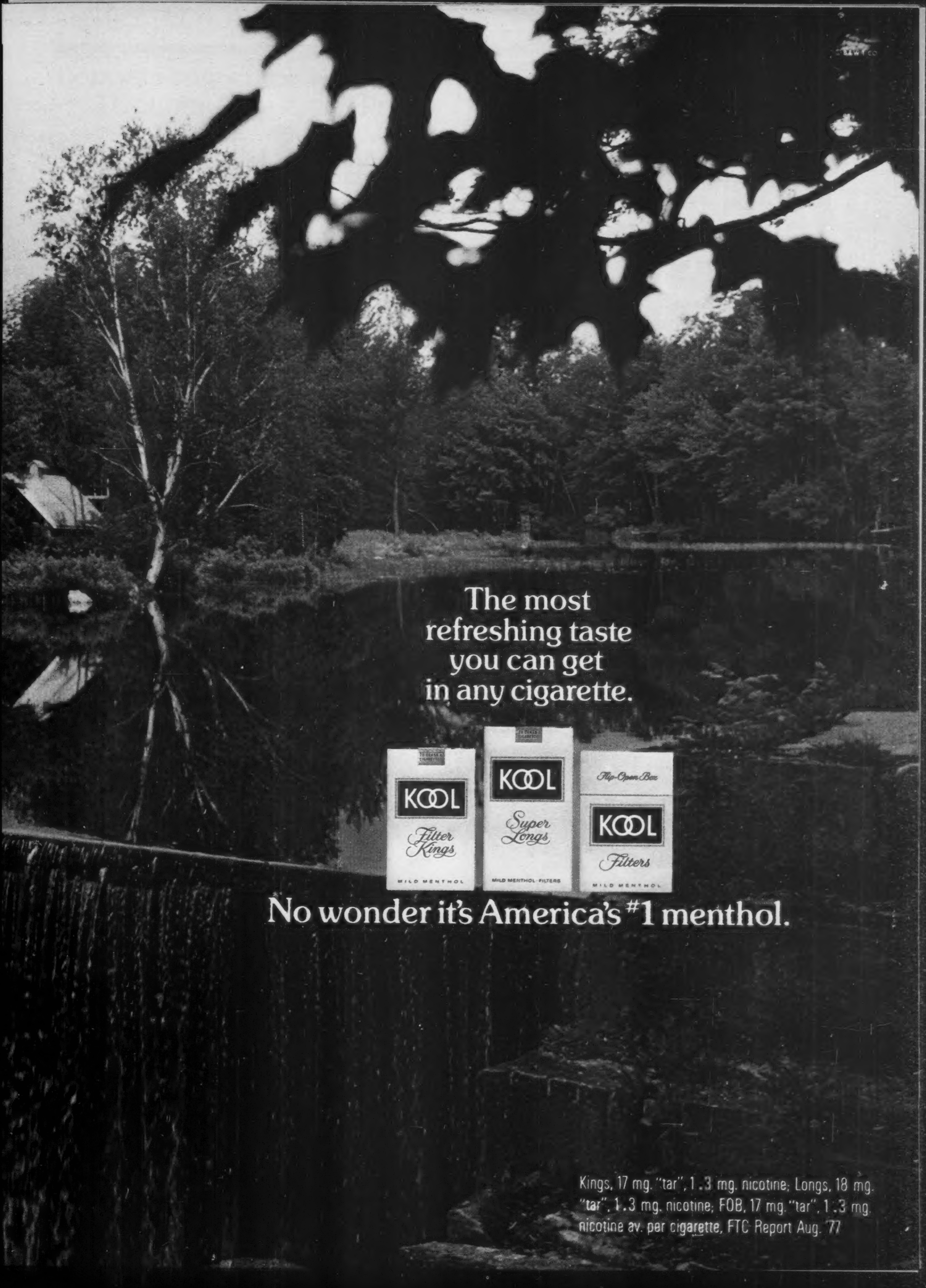
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Kings, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; Longs, 18 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine; FOB, 17 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report Aug. '77

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Seagram's 7 Crown makes any drink taste better, because it tastes better all by itself. Just pour 2 oz. over ice for a smooth, rewarding drink.

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Longet Prosecutor Indicted On 13 Counts: They Aren't Pretty

ASPEN, Colo.—District Attorney Frank Tucker, the man who tripped all over himself prosecuting Claudine Longet, has been indicted on 13 felony counts of theft and embezzlement.

Tucker, a Republican, was none too popular in these parts, ever since Longet left the Aspen courtroom last year relatively unscathed. She had been convicted only of a misdemeanor in the shooting death of her lover, Spider Sabich.

Due to bungling in the prosecutor's office, Longet's high-priced legal team deftly managed to suppress two cornerstones of state evidence: Longet's diary, and the results of a blood test administered to her after the death of ski champ Sabich—leaving Tucker and Company with lots of innuendo and little evidence.

When lawyers for Sabich's parents attempted to gain access to Longet's diary in a legal action of their own, residents once more raised their eyebrows when the indefatigable Tucker testified that the diary had been lost in a burglary at his home.

Recent grand jury action, however, places more than Tucker's popularity in jeopardy. Each felony count carries a maximum penalty of ten years and a $30,000 fine upon conviction.

He is accused of embezzling $3,048.95 from the three counties in his jurisdiction. The theft count alleges that he collected $160 from the father of an accused criminal to be used for restitution, then used it to pay for the abortion of a 17-year-old girl with whom he had a relationship.

The girl was one of 92 witnesses the grand jury heard in four months of investigations.

"I can't conceive how this came about." Tucker said of his theft charge.

—Ivan Goldman

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Mind & Body

Ashes to ashes, chicken liver to chicken liver

WIDE WORLD

This woman wired her jaws together to avoid eating: In the world of the future she won't have to

A drug that could make dieting obsolete has been discovered by scientists at the University of Illinois College of Pharmacy. In tests on rats, they found that perfluorooctyl bromide spreads a thin coating over the stomach and intestines, blocking the absorption of calories, fats and carbohydrates. Food simply zips through the digestive tract, largely unused.

Another promising note: the drug is inert. That means it doesn't chemically react with anything in the body and thus can't cause cancer or other diseases. And its effects are only temporary, lasting about 30 minutes.

The Chicago researchers are preparing to test the wonder drug on humans, and thousands have eagerly volunteered. If all goes well, the drug could be on the market by 1981.

—Larry Frederick

Swallow a penny and you'll dance like a gazelle

If copper bracelets suddenly become popular, it may be more than a fad. Wearing copper around the wrist appears to be a cheap and painless treatment for arthritis and rheumatism.

The discovery came about in an unusual way. At the University of Newcastle in Australia, chemist Ray Walker set out to disprove the folk-medicine claim that copper absorbed through the skin has therapeutic value. He rounded up 240 volunteers who had either rheumatism or arthritis and had half wear real copper bracelets and half wear imitation copper bracelets. All the volunteers thought they wore the real thing.

At the end of a month, he closely questioned all 240 subjects. It turned out that a significant number of the wearers of the real copper reported improvement in their condition while none of the wearers of ersatz copper did.

Dr. Walker says copper is absorbed by the body because it's soluble in sweat.

—Larry Frederick

PHOTOGRAPH BY KOSTI RUOHOMAA/BLACK STAR

Copper: Green wrists but smooth joints

*"I don't know why Pandora opened it.
Maybe she thought
it was a case of Demestica."*

ACHAIA CLAUSS
DEMESTICA

You can't blame Pandora for wanting to taste Demestica. Demestica red is rich and mellow. Demestica white is light and dry. Both are perfect with all fine foods.

Not to taste it would be a real Greek tragedy

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Loggins and Messina. Ending on a happy note.

This is the final recorded collaboration from Kenny Loggins and Jim Messina. "Finale" is a two-record live album, featuring previously unreleased songs as well as jubilant new versions of their most famous songs.

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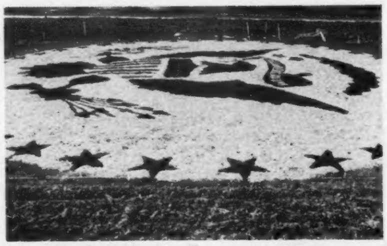
Post Scripts

By Ordure of the President

Last month, when Jimmy Carter flew into Offut Air Force Base in Nebraska, he might have thought for a second that his administration was more popular than the polls indicated. There, just off the runway, was a huge Presidential Seal, designed by an ecstatic constituency and made of cowshit.

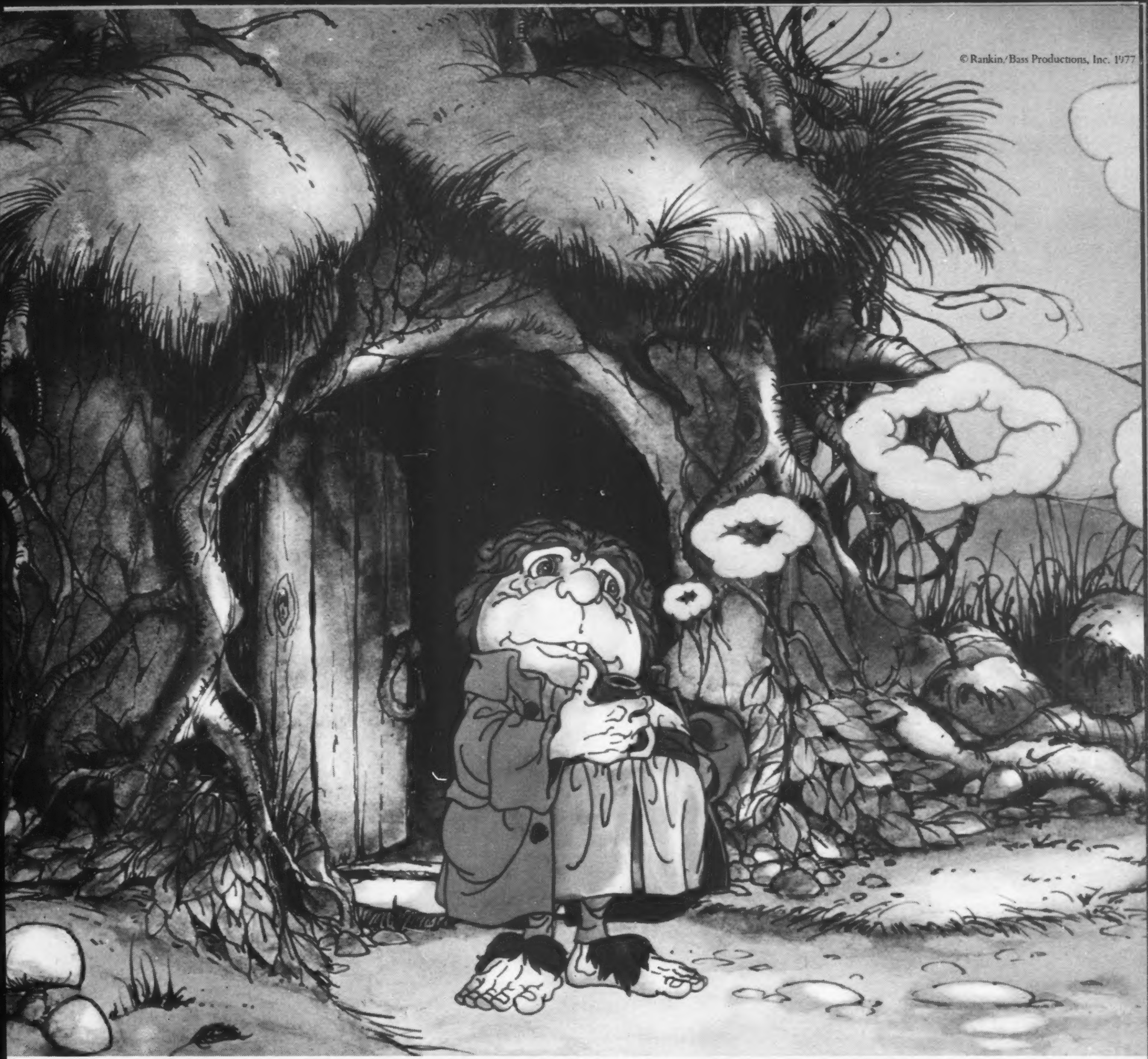
Jerry Pearson of Omaha had finished the seal just days before the presidential visit. "I worked each day from noon to sundown," reports Pearson. "Work went smoothly. I began the project on October 14. I used large machinery to bring sand and clay to the site and made a 60-foot-diameter mound much like a pitcher's mound . . . previous to that I had raked and disced the soil to smooth the contours; the sand and clay helped to get a smooth base . . . The compost was put down first, the limestone after. I used two tons of compost and two tons of limestone. Weather was good until Friday the 21st (the day before the presidential visit). A roll of film was shot just before a thunderstorm hit. The storm did nothing to the Seal except wet it. Compost looks much darker when wet."



PHOTOGRAPH BY PLAMBECK/OMAHA WORLD-HERALD

The Seal: Olfactorily, not a peep

Despite Pearson's diligence, the sculpture never quite attained its conceptual heights. Pearson had stated in his letter to the President that "The art project will be complete when you look at the symbol and it will end when you look away." Apparently it ended before it even started. The report that Jerry received from people in the air was that "the President did not look."



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Xerox presents 90 minutes with one of literature's most celebrated heroes.

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Once you've seen this Xerox presentation, you'll never again believe animated specials are only for children.

"The Hobbit."

Sunday, November 27, NBC-TV Network.

"Never is a long, long time, Celeste."

"I'd always thought a manual turntable performed better. So, for the sake of performance I told myself that I'd never want to play more than one record at a time anyway.

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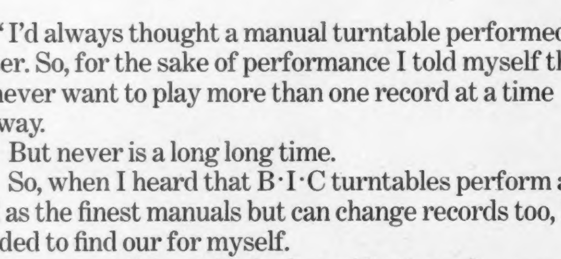

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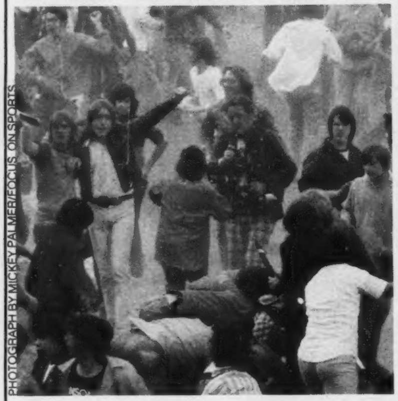
The Last Series Fan Comes Home



PHOTOGRAPH BY MICKEY PALMER/FOCUS ON SPORTS

Not all the fans who dashed out on the field during the melee that followed the Yankees' World Series victory were after a pound of flesh or a piece of sod. Some—like Igor Jacusko, a young college student—just wanted to be part of their team's victory.

Jacusko joined the horde of fans who hopped over the railing along the left-field foul line. But before he could reach third base, he was grabbed by two New York City cops who began hitting him with their nightsticks on the back of the legs, making him fall. While he lay defenseless, they clubbed him savagely.

After lying in the dirt near third base, bleeding profusely, for at least 30 minutes, Jacusko was finally taken from the field on a stretcher. At a local hospital, he was treated for head wounds while shackled to a chair. While his team was treated to a ticker-tape parade down Broadway, Jacusko languished in Riker's Island prison.

Now out on bail, Jacusko has 10 stitches in the back of his head and an arm broken in two places. Moreover, the soft-spoken Brooklyn College freshman faces criminal charges ranging from trespassing and resisting arrest to robbery—for grabbing the nightstick of a policeman who, Jacusko says, was about to club him in the groin.

"I'm just a fan," he says. "I waited 10 years for them to win. I just wanted to be part of the celebration."

Jacusko says he just wants to get the charges dropped, but others—including a half-dozen outraged witnesses and his family—are urging him to sue the police for brutality. He says he can't afford an attorney to defend him against the criminal charges, much less to pursue a counter-suit.

Despite his bizarre saga, Jacusko says the Yankees are still close to his heart. "I'm just not a Bronx police fan anymore."

—*Alan Finder*

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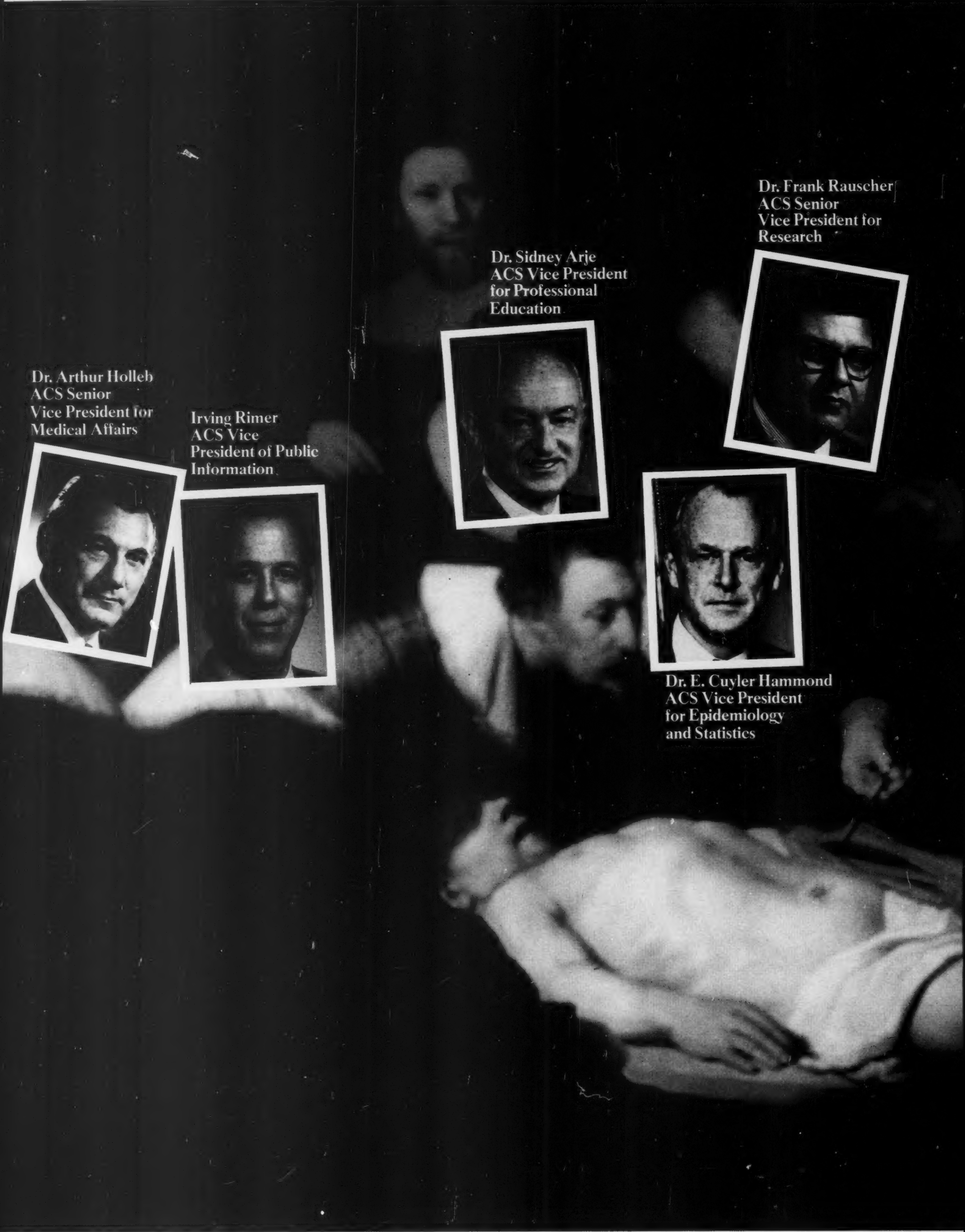
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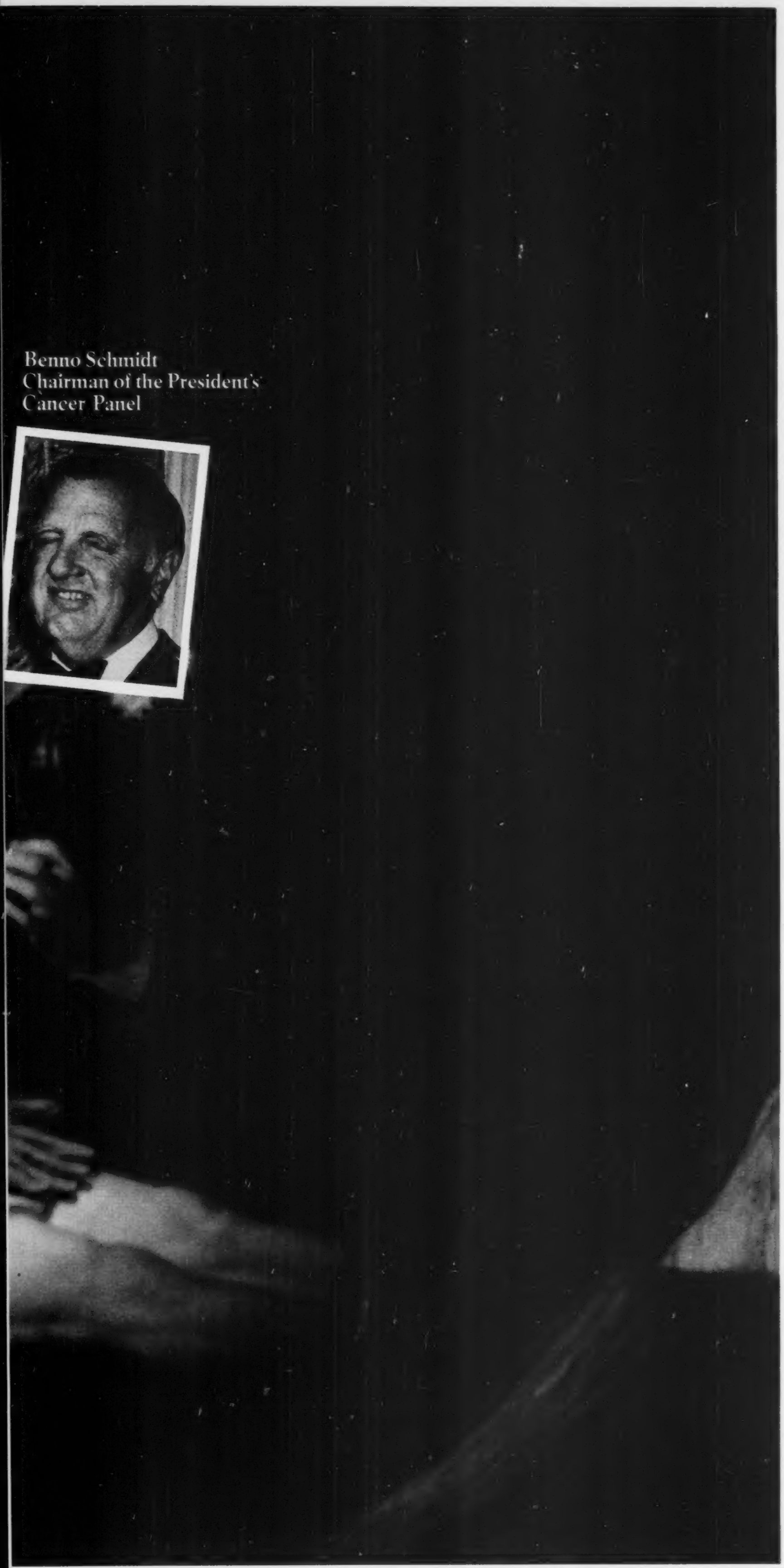
CANCER, INC.

by Ruth Rosenbaum



Benno Schmidt
Chairman of the President's
Cancer Panel

With the billion-dollar support of government, industry and a cancer-crazed public, the cancer establishment has set up a very private practice—specializing in benign benefits and malignant neglect

It was another war to end all wars . . . "A national crusade," Congress had resolved, "to be accomplished by 1976 in commemoration of the 200th anniversary of our country. . . ."

Richard Nixon launched the "all-out assault on cancer" with the National Cancer Act on December 23, 1971, intending to trigger "the same kind of concentrated effort that split the atom and took man to the moon." With the government division—the National Cancer Institute (NCI)—at the front line, receiving an immediate doubling of funds and a revamped administration directly responsible to the president, Nixon called for participation by private industry and research labs, and for the enlistment of the American Cancer Society (the largest privately funded health agency). We were at a point in cancer research, Nixon said, "when problems begin to break open and results begin to pour in. . . ."

"A bunch of shit!" was Nobel Laureate James Watson's private opinion of the National Cancer Program; more restrained before Congress, he called the meeting that drew up the 3-volume National Cancer Plan "a soporific orgy," producing no "promising leads" as it claimed, but "only delaying actions"—with the main research thrust toward "just much more of what has already shown itself unlikely to cure a major cancer."

Creating a super-administration to dole out millions to a few popular re-

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search areas and for frantic construction of facilities, with so little basic knowledge of cancer, was like trying "to put a man on the moon in 1920, before missiles were invented . . . [by giving] contracts to cannon manufacturers, ladder builders, and many, many administrators . . . but [with] no support for missile research," said Dr. Ruth Sager, Chief of the Cancer Genetics Division at an NCI-affiliated cancer center.

Five years and $4 billion later, nothing has changed—neither in research emphasis nor in cancer's grip on American lives. Yet the cancer generals' yearly proclamations of "great strides" are louder than ever.

The National Cancer Institute, with hundreds of millions of taxpayers' dollars, and the American Cancer Society, with millions contributed in good faith by a hopeful public, serve more to bolster the status of cancer's current ruling class through carefully distorted facts—"careful public relations," as Dr. Watson put it—than to optimize the chances for real progress against the disease.

The U.S. still holds the record for cancer incidence—50 percent more than the world average—while the chance for an American to survive a cancer invasion has not increased more than 1 percent since the late forties. And this, despite improvements in early diagnosis and refinements in surgery, chemotherapy and radiation therapy—the only hopes that the American Cancer Society and the National Cancer Institute dangle before the public.

The dollar pump

Since NCI was founded in 1937 (largely through ACS lobbying) as the first of the National Institutes of Health (NIH), its policies and narrowly defined research priorities have reflected the opinions and ambitions of the medical professionals—gynecologists, surgeons, radiologists and pathologists—who dominate the scientific half of the ACS governing board (many of whom serve on NCI committees).

Founded in 1913 by a handful of physicians and laymen dedicated to "educating the public . . . getting them to seek medical advice early," ACS evolved in the 1940s into a coalition of medical professionals and powerful laymen from the top strata of industry, business and the Republican party who tailored public education programs to suit the needs of fund-raising crusades.

It was a small group of ACS members and associates who handcrafted the National Cancer Act, insuring that government funds for the National Cancer Institute would boost their self-serving strategies. With top NCI appointments no longer subject to review by Congress or by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, ACS was guaranteed influence and placement on the Institute's two major decision-making bodies: the three-member President's Cancer Panel and the 23-member National Cancer Advisory Board. And the new budget-approval process, bypassing the National Institute of Health's complex review system, has brought funding from $230 million in 1971 up to $819 million for next year—an unprecedented amount for a single health institute, nearly one-third of the total NIH budget.

"They've [ACS] turned NCI into a dollar pump . . ." says a member of the House Appropriations Committee, which okays funds for NCI. "They run the whole program, the money goes where they want it to go."

Meanwhile, many concerned top-notch employees have left NCI in frustration because "nothing ever gets done"; officials with corporate and institutional loyalties betray public interest, and millions of dollars are consumed by research that goes virtually unreviewed.

Who's doing what research is so far beyond NCI monitoring capacity that some researchers do unrelated work with government money

Some of the programs are reportedly so ill-conceived and irresponsibly executed—closer to publicity maneuvers than real strikes against cancer—that they've led to coverups among the self-monitored, ACS-controlled clique that dominates NCI policy and funding decisions. "The little Watergate that broke before the big one," is the way one highly respected employee at NCI describes the nation's cancer program.

X-rated mammography

The most ambitious folly to date and the first joint ACS-NCI undertaking is the Breast Cancer Detection Demonstration Project. "The greatest PR thing the NCI and ACS have ever done," former ACS President Dr. Hamblin Letton called it in July 1976, even after it had already become clear to many scientific experts that the mammoth screening program, involving 270,000 women aged 35–70, had become the "scorched earth" phase of the cancer war. Because of abuse of one of three screening techniques—mammography (breast x-ray)—there is a significant risk that more women under 50 will die from cancer because of the program than will be saved by it. And then there is the dark horse horror which materialized this fall (though some scientists had warned about a possible

PRECEDING PAGES: REMBRANDT PAINTING COURTESY THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE; RIMER BY BACHRACH; RAUSCHER BY BROOKS PHOTO; SCHMIDT—UPI

problem much earlier): an undetermined number of women in the program, dozens counted already, have had their breasts removed *without there having been any trace of cancer*.

It was typical of the slapdash manner in which the joint ACS/NCI program was initiated that early questions about the fatal potential of repeated mammography were totally ignored, as were research findings published well before the program began, which, years later, were to result in complete revision of the screening guidelines for younger women. "We just didn't do our homework the way we should have," said NCI Assistant Director Dr. Bayard Morrison, the only administrator who concedes negligence.

Those directly responsible for NCI's part in the program—Dr. Diane Fink, Director of the NCI Division of Cancer Control and Rehabilitation (also on the ACS board of directors until recently); Dr. Frank Rauscher, then NCI Director; and Dr. Guy Newell, NCI Acting Director in the program's later stages—insist they had no reason to suspect there was any serious question of radiation risk until 1975. At ACS the official amnesia runs on till 1976. But NCI's own files clearly expose these feeble lies. Among many early memos and letters sent to Dr. Frank Rauscher (now ACS Senior Vice President for Research) was one by Dr. Newell himself, dated October 1973, only a few months after the screening project had begun. Responding to ACS's suggestion that the number of screening centers be increased from 20 to 27, Newell wrote: "I cannot in all good consciousness [sic] agree to this unless some specific concerns and questions are addressed and answered as to the safety of repeated mammography by an expert group."

But an ever-obedient NCI administration agreed to shell out more taxpayer's money for the extra centers, while giving not a thought to the appointment of even one radiation biology expert—especially irresponsible considering that the study on which the screening program was based, conducted by the Health Insurance Plan of Greater New York, showed absolutely *no benefit* to women under 50, who made up 85 percent of the program participants, and for whom any added risk would have a longer time to play itself out.

In addition to the radiation problem, some scientists, after careful analysis, questioned the validity of the program itself: "The project is ill-conceived and is not likely to result in significant patient benefit," wrote Dr. Marvin Zelen, then Professor of Statistics at University of Buffalo. And Dr. John Bailar III, then NCI Deputy Associate Director for Cancer Control, expressed doubt whether anything at all could be learned about reducing breast cancer mortality considering the project's lack of proper research design.

Responding to all these criticisms, in a confidential in-house memo, breast surgeon and ACS Senior Vice President for Medical Affairs, Dr. Arthur Holleb, conceded: "I do not feel qualified to answer with statistical expertise." Yet he went on to denigrate the critics with pathetic ad hominem arguments such as: "I am always suspicious of the man who comments on a breast cancer project and refers to the anatomic site as the 'brest,'" referring to a typo in one of the critic's letters.

The idea for the screening program originated with ACS. It was first on a list of suggestions sent to NCI by Dr. Holleb, shortly after the National Cancer Act was passed, as to how the new Cancer Control Program money (which ACS had lobbied for) should be spent.

Though NCI agreed from the beginning to fund about 85 percent of the $54.6 million project, ACS has commanded every detail, backed by the American College of Radiologists.

As Dr. Kenneth Olson, formerly Chief of Diagnosis of NCI's Division of Cancer Biology, explained in a 1973 memo: "This project has limited objectives and they have been pretty much dictated by ACS. In summary they are: Can ACS volunteers mobilize a large number (100,000 per year) of women for thermography, mammography, and a physical examination?. . . This rather ends the objectives. . . ."

While not bothering to establish adequate research protocol (though a follow-up study was planned) or to review previous research findings, ACS took great care to see that the 27 centers were distributed evenly over its fund-raising zones and that the centers themselves refrained from fund-raising so as not to cut into ACS profits.

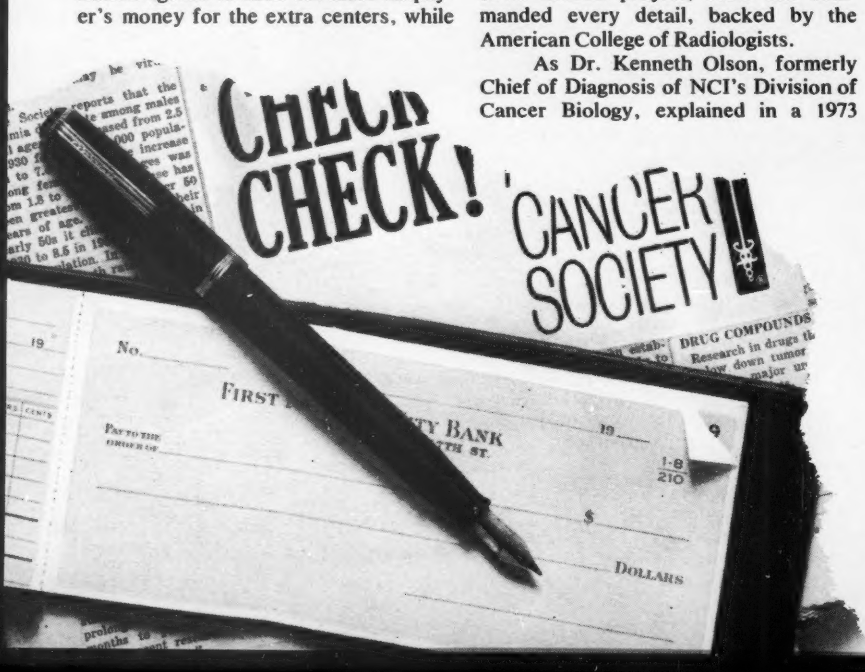
Running the risk

At each challenge to the program, ACS and other mammography proponents responded not with scientific reasoning but with professional arrogance.

NCI Chief of Cancer Diagnosis, Dr. William Pomerance, tried to persuade screening center directors, many of whom are affiliated with ACS or the American College of Radiologists, to raise the minimum age for x-ray screening from 35 to 45. "They all fell on me," he reported, "and even went so far as to decide in their protocol they would start with age 30. I know that at this moment their reaction is hysteria, but there you have it. . . . It does give you an idea as to the tenor of the medical profession. . . ."

As the controversy became more heated, women participating in the program were not even informed that there *was* a controversy—the word "risk" did not appear on the informed consent sheets until May 1976, and was not clearly described to them until May 1977.

Meanwhile, not even the simplest precautions were taken to keep x-ray exposure to a minimum. A report by Ralph Nader's Health Research Group showed that 33—or 55 percent—of the x-ray machines surveyed in 1975 emitted more than the acceptable limit of 2.5 Roentgens per film; in 1976, 11 centers were still exposing women to dangerous doses of x-rays. This meant that, even for thousands of women *over* 50, mammography could result in greater risk than benefit, as one of three expert groups, finally appointed by NCI, suggested in a March '77 report. Belated as it was, the expert groups' appointment was not even initiated by NCI directors, but was the result of efforts by Dr. John Bailar who, after a fruitless 3-year barrage of ACS and NCI directors' offices, brought the question of radiation risk to the public in a paper presented before the American Assoc. for Cancer Research. The conclusions of the expert groups, based chiefly on the same November 1972 National Academy of Sciences report ("Biological Effects of Ionizing Radiation")



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that Bailar and others had reffered to, confirmed that asymptomatic women under 50 should not receive repeated x-ray screening unless they had a personal or family history of breast cancer.

While publicity generated by the experts' reports forced the NCI to shift sluggishly from passive negligence to sincere efforts to modify screening procedures, ACS, along with the American College of Radiologists, attempted to sabotage these efforts and to keep women ignorant of the experts' conclusions:

August 1976: A letter from NCI based on the panel's preliminary report was sent to all screening center directors advising them to restrict x-ray screening of women under 50. Several refused to comply, publicly referring to the new guidelines as "so much more government gobbledygook" and "Potomac Fever." One source reported that center directors calling ACS for advice were told to "Go ahead and screen 'em," and to justify their doing so by certain loopholes in the guidelines, loopholes which ACS was reportedly responsible for inserting. In the following six months, 75 percent of women being screened at the centers were still in the *under-50* group.

September 1976: The New York City division of ACS circulated over 15,000 copies of an "Urgent Message to Women," which advised women under 50 to undergo mammography if they fell into one or more of several risk categories. By ACS's own account, these risk categories include 80 percent of all women under 50. While ACS officials denied that their national office had anything to do with it—it was just a rambunctious act by one of their madcap local branches—Dr. Holleb himself told me that he had personally approved the Message and, he added proudly, "I'd still stand behind it." In fact he'd written an editorial for the Nov. / Dec. issue of ACS's *Ca: A Cancer Journal for Clinicians*, the medical journal with the largest circulation in the world, that made just about the same points as were made in the Urgent Message.

March 1977: NCI's Office of Cancer Communications, under Paul Van Nevel, prepared a press release to announce the conclusions of the expert groups. Rather than release it on the date expected, Drs. Fink and Newell and Mr. Van Nevel went to New York City to consult with ACS. The resulting press release consisted of wishy-washy doubletalk bearing little resemblance to anything the experts had written. Though Dr. Newell denied before a congressional subcommittee this summer that any change had been made in the original release other than the date, Dr. Fink later admitted to me that "certain parts of the report's summary had to be left out" after "vigorous discussion" with ACS.

Cornering the crusaders

Mention "National Cancer Institute" to most people, even in Bethesda, Maryland (NCI headquarters), and you'll probably be "corrected": "You mean, the American Cancer Society."

ACS power and affluence depends on its being recognized as the sole dispenser of cancer information and hope, and as the sine qua non of any eventual cancer cure. Their first big publicity blitz was launched in 1945 by advertising magnate Albert Lasker, his wife Mary, now honorary chairman of the ACS board of directors, and Emerson Foote, co-founder of the Foote, Cone and Belding advertising agency. They hired a professional fund-raiser and persuaded prime-time broadcasters to speak about the horrors of cancer and our only hopes—a check and a checkup. The April fund-raising crusade was immediately effective. In its second year, $10 million was gleaned from a newly cancer-aware American public. Since then, ACS has become the wealthiest of the health charity groups, its officials the highest paid, and, with its image as *the* cancer-fighting organization in the country, is not about to sit back and watch things change.

A former employee of NCI's Office of Cancer Communications, specifically charged by Congress "to disseminate information to the practicing physician and to the general public," told me of the disintegration of the entire Program Liaison Branch, basically because of ACS interference.

"When NCI gets recognition for some piece of public information, ACS doesn't like it. Sometimes we'd be at the eleventh hour with the budget and everything approved by our superiors, and suddenly there'd be a meeting scheduled with ACS in New York. Their Public Information and Education people would have objections to it, and that was the end. Or they'd have us do busy work, like run tests on messages or think again whether we should say 'Us Against Cancer' or 'We Against Cancer.' "

Eventually it was nothing against cancer, and after 4 or 5 frustrating years, the branch's four staff members left for other jobs and have not been replaced.

Why would an NCI Division Director, in this case Mr. Paul Van Nevel, insist that his staff consult first with ACS? An NCI source from another department explains: "If you make waves, someone will get in touch with someone else and before you know it Mary Lasker says to the NCI Director: 'We don't like your director of such and such, so maybe you should think about getting a new one.' "

"A red herring of ridiculous proportions!" Benno Schmidt, a Wall Street investment banker who has been chairman of the President's Cancer Panel, the apex of NCI's power structure, since 1971, spoke in an angry voice of the nasty suggestions of an "ACS–NCI link" brought up at the House preliminary oversight hearings on NCI this summer. "I never even heard from the American Cancer Society—in five years no one from there has even called me."

Hasn't Mr. Schmidt been aware of ACS President and former Vice President Dr. Lee Clark, who has been serving with him on the President's Cancer Panel for five years; or of ACS past officer director and Pennwalt Corporation director Dr. Jonathan Rhoads, who has sat next to him at NCI's monthly National Cancer Advisory Board meetings (Rhoads is the Advisory Board's chairman); or of several other ACS members

Early diagnosis: too late

We emphasize that a major percentage of cancers can be cured through early diagnosis.

—Walter Jones, ACS Vice
President for Public Education

Go beyond ACS and NCI public relations divisions and you find that the frailty of current methods of early diagnosis as a hope against cancer is common knowledge. "There isn't one shred of evidence that early diagnosis does any good, except perhaps in the case of breast, cervix and bladder cancers," said Dr. James Peters, former NCI Director of the Division of Cancer Cause and Prevention.

Dr. Frank Rauscher believes that "even with cervical and breast cancer, there is no good evidence that longevity is improved by early detection . . . ."

The Pap test—which ACS takes credit for popularizing—is the most-cited example of the rewards of early diagnosis, supposedly "largely responsible for a 65 percent decline in mortality rate from uterine cancer." But the undistorted statistics don't support that. ACS's Dr. Hammond explained in a 1970 paper before the British Association for Cancer Research that "the decline in uterine cancer began before the introduction of cytology [Pap test]" and that the Pap test "did not play the leading role during the years when the largest decline took place."

"There is a great deal of overstatement about the value of early diagnosis," says Hammond. "I'm still trying after 25 years to find some definite evidence. . . ."

Actually, early diagnosis may serve to artificially boost survival rates. A 1956 study by Hammond showed that it may extend only past survival time, time when the patient would have been alive anyway.—*R.R.*

“The little Watergate that broke before the big one,” is how one NCI employee describes the nation’s cancer program

who serve, or have recently served, on the Advisory Board or on important NCI committees—including Mary Lasker, Emerson Foote, Frank Dixon (consultant for Eli Lilly and Co.) and Elmer Bobst (chairman of the Warner-Lambert pharmaceutical company and old Nixon friend and campaign contributor).

No one controls Benno Schmidt, but he would not have been singled out for such an important position if his views did not coincide with ACS interests. When Senator Ralph Yarborough (the original sponsor of the National Cancer Act legislation) appointed a panel of consultants to make recommendations for the act, names were "suggested to him" by Mary Lasker and an ACS lobbyist in Washington, including the name of Benno Schmidt, who became chairman.

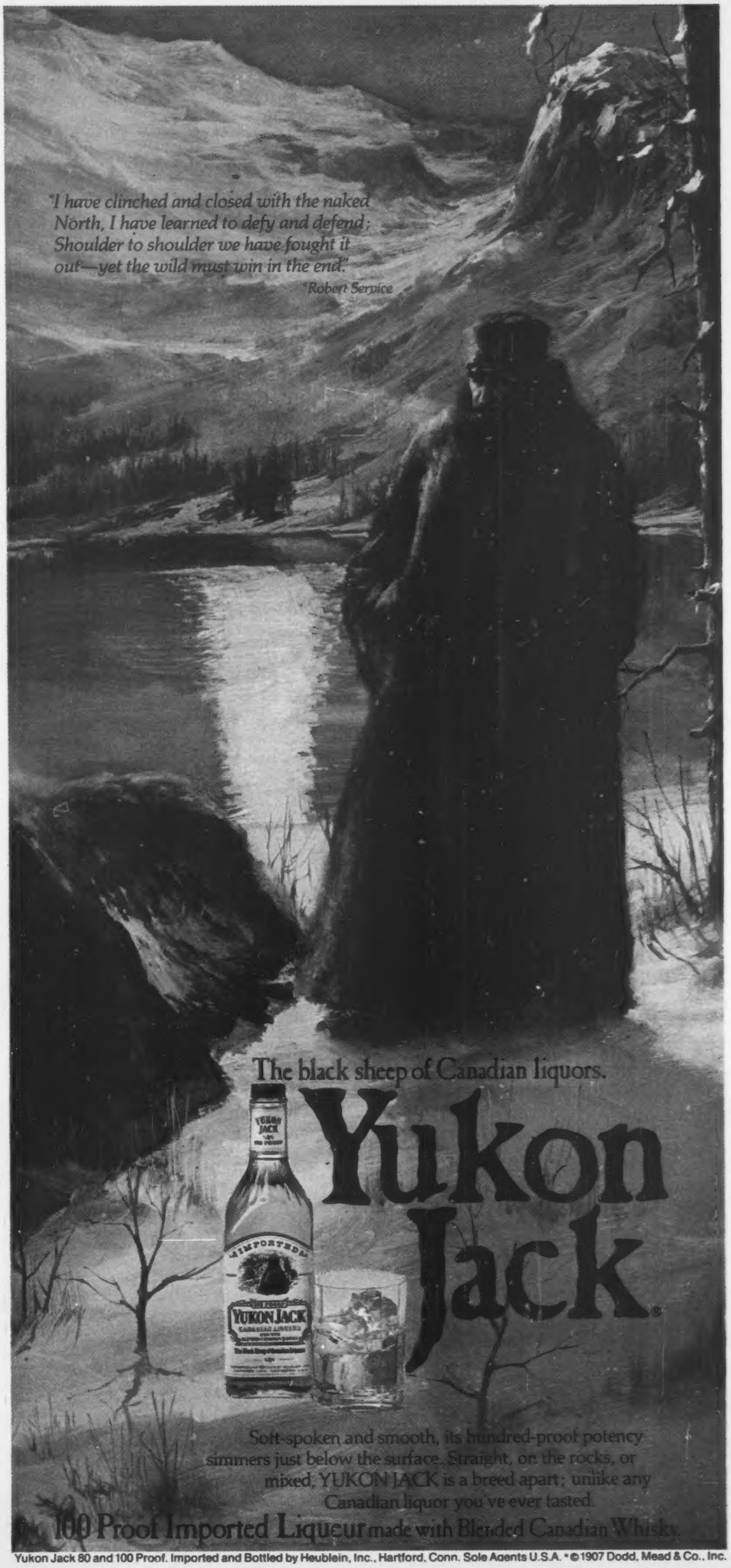
Considering the act's provision that officials be appointed by the President without any outside review, and the fact that both Mary Lasker and Benno Schmidt were frequent visitors to Nixon's and Ford's White House, it was natural that members of the panel of consultants and other ACS favorites would fall into position on NCI's National Cancer Advisory Board, which has final say as to where research funds go.

Also, monitoring of NCI activities under the act was left to the 3-member President's Cancer Panel, which is to say, to Benno Schmidt.

"He runs the whole Advisory Board and President's Cancer Panel," said an Advisory Board member. Asked at the oversight hearings how the President's Panel does its monitoring, Benno Schmidt replied, "If instances come to my attention, I raise those questions, discuss them and satisfy myself that what was done was done for good reason."

Apparently, he is easily satisfied. The "NASA-style management," as he still dares to refer to the new NCI administration, spawns terrible inefficiency and waste—partly because favoritism takes precedence over fitness in filling top positions.

When 253 of the professionals on the NCI staff were asked in a 1974 survey to indicate problems adversely affecting their job performance at the Institute, half cited "widespread lack of confidence in the scientific acumen of the decision-making hierarchy" and a third complained of the "shortage of qualified scientific and technical person-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THE PLYMOUTH ARROWS FOR '78

A new type of welfare

With so few in-house scientists, the new millions were dished out to private institutes and industries, commercial research labs and large universities. There, who's doing what research is so far beyond NCI monitoring capacity that some researchers do unrelated work with government money while others receive money only by the grace of the "excellent writing and preparation" of professional grantsmen, which commercial organizations can well afford and which has "little or no relevance to the kind of laboratory research they do," according to Dr. Solomon Garb, Scientific Director of the American Cancer Research Center and Hospital in Denver, Colorado.

In effect, the influx of funds initiated by the National Cancer Act created a new type of welfare system—as Dr. Watson described it, one "more palatable to this administration because the recipients cannot solely sop up beer and watch TV, but instead will wear clean white lab coats and look into cancer cells. Not being trained for the task, however, they are most unlikely to fathom the inner workings of the cancer cell, and in a ghoulish way will be forever assuring the continuation of their job descriptions."

The mainstay of NCI's welfare system is contract research, which absorbs 40.6 percent of all its research funds, and invites abuse and poor quality work. For example:

- The Special Virus Cancer Program, which depends mostly on contract research, has been glutted with mis-used funds—nearly half a billion dollars to date—since its inception in 1964.

"A self-perpetuating bureaucracy, full of conflicts of interest, its existence justifying its further existence . . ." was the way a 1974 review by outside scientists (the Zinder report) characterized the Special Virus Cancer Program. Those running it, the report charged, come "from a narrow section of the scientific community, and receive large amounts of the money they dispense . . ."

While grant applications must pass through the NIH peer review system, for contracts "there is practically no review," said a scientist whose institute receives large sums of money from NCI for contract research. "And there are many areas where a researcher can apply for either a grant or a contract to do the same thing."

Apparently those with weak proposals go for the contracts. In the case of the virus program, the Zinder report claimed that "less than half of the contract proposals would have been approved if reviewed by a real grant peer review."

Not even the most simple precautions were taken to keep x-ray exposure to a minimum

- No one yet knows exactly what is going on at Fort Detrick, the former biological warfare research center in Frederick, Maryland, part of which was transformed into a cancer research center after Nixon's emotional "swords into plowshares" speech. Specializing in viral oncology, and in research and testing of possible carcinogens, the center, managed by a division of Litton Industries, has received a total of $119 million a year since 1972—the largest amount for a single contract in the entire program.

"We've wasted a fortune on that system; absolutely nothing has come out of it," said Dr. Garb. "I was one of the most enthusiastic supporters of the Center, and I have to say I'm sorry now. We can't even tell why it's not working—but say you have a handful of quarters and put them in a pop machine. If you don't get any soda after the fifth quarter, you are entitled to say the machine is no damned good, even if you don't know what's wrong with it." Next year's budget deposits another $24 million quarter in Fort Detrick.

- "If what the General Accounting Office (GAO) has apparently found in reviewing the Eppley contract is an indication of how other contracts and research efforts at the Cancer Institute have been administered, I think Congress has no choice but to consider a complete overhaul of the Institute," reported Congressman David Obey.

Eppley Institute of Omaha, Nebraska, which has received $20 million from NCI in the past eight years has been charged with using NCI contract money for non-related projects, and for charging the government for supplies used in industrial projects—including 53,0000 laboratory test animals which Eppley claims were destroyed. But the stickiest question raised by the GAO findings is one of conflict of interest: Eppley Director Philippe Shubik has been an influential member of the National Cancer Advisory Board since its inception, and at the time of the alleged contract irregularities was chairman of the NCI subcommittee on Environmental Carcinogenesis. As such, he was the member most responsible for overseeing the division that awarded Eppley contracts. Ironically, in defense of Shubik, the *Cancer Letter*, an NCI-affiliated weekly, states: "Why Obey has singled out Shubik as a target for conflict of interest charges is a mystery. Nearly every scientific member of the Board, the President's Cancer Panel, and the various advisory committees could be subject to such charges. . . ."

You mean, I didn't really have breast cancer?

There had been early warnings. Several scientists, including one of the world's leading pathologists, had written that mammography as a screening technique might detect breast lesions too small or too uncommon for most pathologists to correctly identify as malignant or benign.

This September, an expert pathologist review committee reported that out of the 506 "minimal cancer" cases they studied, at least 66, possibly 88, were entirely benign. Seventy-one of the women involved have had complete mastectomies, most of them radical. Though there is data to suggest that even more women have undergone unnecessary breast surgery as a result of the ACS/NCI breast cancer screening program, officials have been scrambling about madly, trying to prove that "there may not have been any unnecessary mastectomies at all." —R.R.

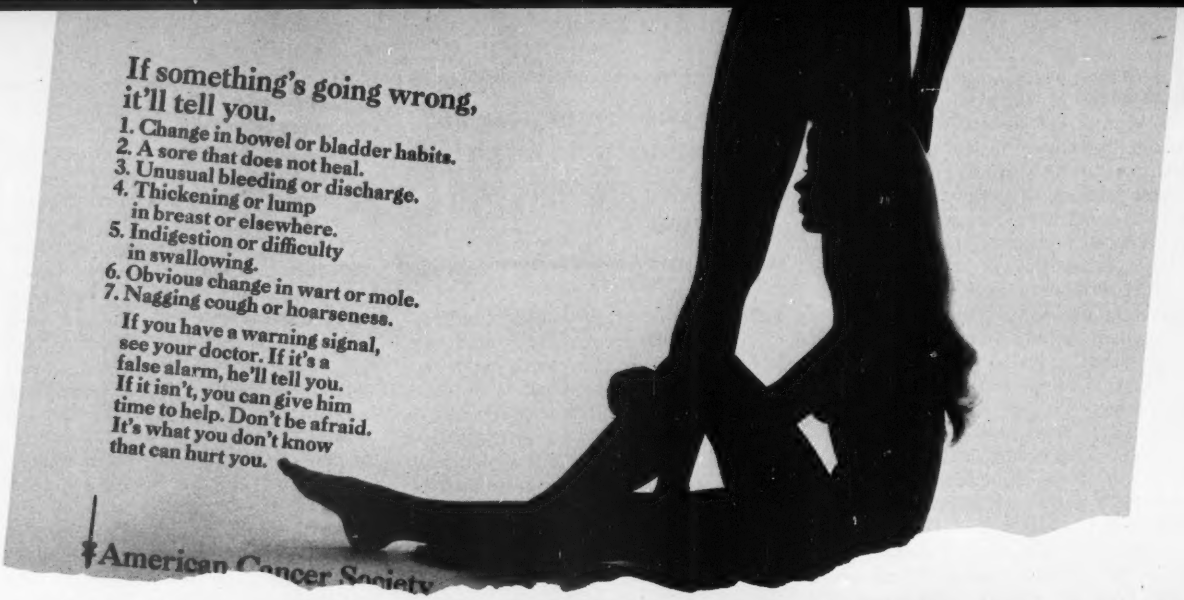
Statistical abstractions

It took Irving Rimer, ACS Vice President of Public Information, alone among the top ACS executives, to crack the cheeky new statistics riddle in ACS's 1975 annual report: "Cancer incidence," it teased, contradicting every other source on the subject, "has declined slightly in the last 25 years."

"You have to understand something," Rimer explained. "Somewhere around 1972 or '73, we stopped including in our calculations all skin cancers except melanoma, the only one that's fatal, and also *in situ* cervical cancers, because many experts don't consider these to be cancers at all. Since together they account for a large number of cases, that could be why the incidence has gone down."

No wonder cancer is "one of the most curable of the major diseases in this country," as *The Hopeful Side of Cancer*, ACS's basic public education primer, states. Those skin and cervical cancers, unfit for the incidence figures, are great for the grand tally of "1,500,000 Americans alive today who have had cancer," to whom ACS points as proof of the success of their "cancer-awareness" campaigns and the methods of treatment they promote.

Though their own chief statistician reportedly suggested that the figure be dropped because of its unreliable data base, ACS brazenly upped it to 2 million in 1976.



If something's going wrong, it'll tell you.

1. Change in bowel or bladder habits.
2. A sore that does not heal.
3. Unusual bleeding or discharge.
4. Thickening or lump in breast or elsewhere.
5. Indigestion or difficulty in swallowing.
6. Obvious change in wart or mole.
7. Nagging cough or hoarseness.

If you have a warning signal, see your doctor. If it's a false alarm, he'll tell you. If it isn't, you can give him time to help. Don't be afraid. It's what you don't know that can hurt you.

American Cancer Society

It is this type of outright dishonesty and statistical legerdemain that supports the country's system of orthodox cancer treatment and leads the public to believe that the medical establishment is well on the way to controlling cancer.

"Today, one out of three cancer patients is being saved. And it could be one in two, if the disease were detected early and treated promptly." This, the central hope-myth conjured up by ACS/NCI, has been retold since 1956. Adding a final flourish this summer, Dr. Lee Clark (ACS President and NCI's senior scientific member of the President's Cancer Panel) predicted the advance to "one in two" would come "within the next five years."

But we have yet to see even a one-in-three survival rate that has been based on a fair representation of the American population. Non-whites, for example, whose cancer death rate is higher—three times higher for males—than that of whites, were virtually left out of the one-in-three calculations, while those patients included (only 3 percent of the country's total) were treated at large private and university hospitals where presumably they were receiving the best possible care and treatment.

It is rarely mentioned in ACS/NCI educational material that "saved" refers only to being alive five years after the time cancer was diagnosed, not to long-term survival as most people would infer.

Even without all these qualifications, the fact that "one in three" survives today is no triumph. People diagnosed as having cancer in 1948–52 already had a 32 percent chance of surviving; and "the commonest cancers," according to Dr. Donald Gould, *New Scientist* editor, "are as resistant to treatment as they were 40 or 50 years ago."

Still, orthodox treatment methods are peddled to the public and to Congress as "known cures," diverting attention from what most scienists agree is an urgent need to pursue innovative, radically new ideas in cancer research. Criticizing NCI's research program, 1975 Nobel Prize winner Dr. Howard Temin claimed there is too much emphasis "on directed research that assumes we know how cancer is caused and can be cured . . . and that puts large sums of money in a few places to pursue only a few ideas."

ACS's power and affluence depend on its being recognized as the sole dispenser of cancer information and hope

But the people who carefully engineered the National Cancer Act and NCI's increasingly large sums have too much at stake personally and professionally to allow competition with their few ideas and assumptions.

Take chemotherapy—an ACS favorite. Not only does ACS co-own the patent for one of the most frequently used cancer drugs—5-fluoroucaril—but Mary Lasker, a friend of Dr. Sidney Farber, who pioneered the first chemotherapeutic drugs in the late forties, has pushed NCI for years to fund a massive, impractical "Chemotherapy Screening Program," designed to test at random some 50,000 chemicals a year for their effectiveness against cancer. Though an independent commission described the project as "utterly without scientific merit" as early as 1965, NCI's first budget under the National Cancer Act (1972) tripled funds for the screening project.

In response to an ACS/NCI "educational" claim that "about one-third of all cancers are responding to chemotherapy," Dr. Marvin Zelen of the Eastern Cooperative Oncology Group, a group which specializes in clinical trials of drugs and other therapies, often funded by NCI, laughed: "It depends on what you mean by 'responding.' You have to distinguish between cure and a very temporary response—I would hesitate to say anything like that."

For some rare cancers, such as childhood leukemia, Hodgkin's disease, Wilm's tumor, chemotherapy can increase survival time, but most often only at the risk of devastating side effects, including an increased chance of developing a second cancer after a decade.

Important questions about the value of conventional treatment for certain cancers have been raised by recent studies. One, reported in *Lancet*, the British medical journal, in December 1975, concludes that "no immediate treatment proved a significantly better policy for patients' survival and for the quality of remaining life" for inoperable carcinoma of the bronchus ; and another, which Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, ACS Vice President for Epidemiology and Statistics, described to me, involved "a remarkable number of patients diagnosed with breast cancer in whom no evidence of breast cancer could be found later, even though they received absolutely no treatment."

Open season on quacks

Boasting the "largest repository for unproven methods information in the world," ACS's Committee on Unproven Methods of Cancer Management works hand-in-hand with local and state medical societies, and with the American Medical Association's (AMA) Committee on Quackery, forming a network of vigilantes prepared to pounce on anyone who promotes a cancer therapy that runs against their substantial prejudices and profits.

Indiscriminate in its "quack attacks," the ACS committee—whose members, half laymen, half professionals, include representatives from the

Food and Drug Administration (FDA), NCI and AMA—has ruined promising careers and kept potentially valuable ideas from being seriously tested. (Their rationale is that these ideas would lure patients from "known cures" and "proven methods.")

Protesting ACS's "negative role" in this area, one established cancer researcher said, "There have been any number of people who have been unable to obtain grants and/or have been scorned by their colleagues over the years for concepts that have now become accepted in the cancer field."

An example: Dr. Bradford Coley's bacterial toxins treatment, whose two basic principles, immunotherapy and hyperthermia, are now being actively investigated by the medical establishment, has just been removed from the Index of ACS File Material on Unproven Methods of Cancer Management. As Dr. Sidney Arje, ACS Vice President for Professional Education and staff member of the Unproven Methods Committee, told me, "With all the current interest in immunotherapy and work with such things as BCG [Bacille Calmette-Guerin, a tuberculosis vaccine thought to stimulate the body's immune system to fight cancer], it's all so similar to what Coley was doing that it wouldn't be fair to keep him on the list."

How reasonable. Actually, it was only at the request of Dr. William Regelson, formerly Chairman of the Division of Medical Oncology at Virginia Commonwealth University, that action was finally taken. Had Coley's work been seriously investigated at the time, even if it were not itself a "solution," 40 years of immunotherapy research would have been gained, and many lives, perhaps, saved.

Such thoughts of wasted potential don't phase ACS.

When I asked Dr. Arje about an instance where a reporter had proved that promising elements and supportive quotes about a particular "unproven" cancer therapy had been omitted in the "quack file" write-up, he said, "I don't remember the details exactly—but basically, I mean even if we *were* that negative, that in itself is valid. Our purpose is to keep these unproven approaches away from the public, especially as they become popular—that's when they're most dangerous."

Most dangerous to whom? It seems that the restrictive authority of the Unproven Methods Committee is designed more to eliminate any threat to ACS's total dominance of cancer management and cancer publicity than to protect the public. For instance, I was astonished to find among some documents on unproven methods a lengthy memo by Alan Davis, ACS Vice President for Governmental Relations, warning division executives of an individual from a small private cancer institute who was asking mayors and governors to proclaim a "National Cancer Day"—not the kind of thing you'd imagine could kill a lot of people. In fact, all he was advocating were medical check-ups and early diagnosis.

"If a city or state in your division is involved," Davis wrote, "see if it is possible to have the Mayor or Governor 'de-proclaim'. . . . Being for more awareness of cancer is a good way to get favorable attention, and the cause is exploited by many for various reasons, often with considerable success."

Apparently, ACS has had the most success.

Doctor knows best?

While ACS's self-proclaimed purpose is "to do everything possible . . . to hasten the elimination of cancer as a threat to human life and well-being," their larger commitment is to the supremacy and absolute freedom of the individual physician, including the freedom to administer dangerous or carcinogenic drugs without the patient's knowledge.

Consider the use of estrogens to treat symptoms of menopause. Studies linking estrogens with a greatly increased risk of developing endometrial cancer (a form of uterine cancer) have led some experts to cite the drugs as the chief responsible agents in a 50 percent rise in uterine cancer between 1969 and 1973. The FDA recently ruled that a warning about the cancer risk must be included on package inserts for the women using the drug as well as for pharmacists and physicians. Before this ruling (October 17), I asked Dr. Sidney Arje, ACS Vice President for Professional Education, if ACS believed that women should be told about the potential risk or if mention of it was included in any of ACS's educational material on uterine cancer.

"No," says Dr. Arje. "That would be interfering with the physician-patient relationship."

Interestingly, these exact words were used by the American Medical Association (AMA), and recorded in the Federal Register, as an argument against a proposal that the risks involved in taking birth control pills be listed on the patient package insert.

When I asked Dr. Arje if ACS policies ever differed from those of the AMA, I was immediately assured, "Not in any instance I can think of . . . The ACS, AMA, and American College of Radiologists all use the same technical staff."

Having called several of the 58 ACS local offices, as well as the national office, asking the public information representative about various subjects, including estrogens and other controversial drugs, I was *never given any information*, but was told "Ask your physician," or "If your doctor has prescribed it, you shouldn't worry." The facts indicate you should worry:

● In 1975 more than 500,000 prescriptions were given to pregnant women for progesterone drugs, known to cause birth defects.

● In one recent year, between 40,000 and 60,000 women received prescriptions for DES to prevent miscarriages—a drug which caused an unusual number of cases of vaginal cancer in the daughters of women who took it in the fifties.

● Depo Provera, a drug approved by FDA only for treatment of a rare kind of uterine cancer, is being prescribed by doctors as a contraceptive. Among other dangerous side effects, there is a possibility that it may cause breast and cervical cancers; 85 percent of women so far contacted by a consumer group in California had not been informed of the side effects nor that it was being sold to them for an unapproved use.

While sending cancer patients and the general public to their local physicians for answers to most questions, ACS public information reps actually discourage them from seeking out cancer specialists (oncologists), and from going to NCI-funded comprehensive cancer centers, which ACS lobbied for, and where their chances for survival are best.

What does ACS do, then, to educate the primary physician with whom most of us come in contact?

"Our doctor education is not so much a matter of transference of knowledge, but rather of motivation," Dr. Arje explained. "It's not directed toward teaching the doctor what he has to know but toward getting him to use what he already knows."

The education program depends chiefly on the *Ca Journal: A Cancer Journal for Clinicians*, which reaches 400,000 physicians, and whose primary goal, according to Arje, is "to keep the doctor hopeful about cancer."

"We've found a wonderful education opportunity with cancer," he continues. "You don't really have to do anything but use the name 'cancer'—there's a subliminal effect. Even if the physician doesn't go to our conferences, it's enough that the *Ca Journal* crosses his desk, or that it's in the hospital at his station when he walks by—something will sink in."

For this magical osmosis, combined with the public information and education programs, ACS spends about $30 million annually—the same amount they spend on cancer research.

—R.R.

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Terminal optimism

"There's something I don't think people understand," Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond sighed. "Say something increases your risk of dying of bladder cancer (we'd just been talking about saccharin which has been shown in human studies to cause a 60 percent increase in bladder cancer in men) . . .

"Well, if it increases your risk of dying of bladder cancer, it decreases your risk of dying of cancer of the prostate, cancer of the lung, cancer of the stomach, or any other form of cancer!. . . Look, if you die of one thing you can't later die of something else, do you follow me?"

"Look," says Dr. Hammond, "if you die of one thing, you can't later die of something else"

Sure. While monopolizing and bungling the areas of research and treatment, the cancer establishment minimizes the importance of cancer prevention to avoid stepping on industrialized toes.

A major source of support for ACS when it began fund-raising activity in 1945 came from industrialists enlisted by George Stringfellow, then Senior Vice President of Thomas A. Edison Industries. Since then, many have become Life Members, who act as consultants to the board of directors. At NCI, several members of the advisory board act as consultants to industrial firms. The most notable, Phillipe Shubik, was private consultant and scientific advisor to General Foods, Proctor & Gamble, Abbott Lab., Miles Lab., Royal Crown Cola Co., Colgate-Palmolive Co., the Extract Manufacturers Association, and the Calorie Control Council, during the time he served as chairman of the NCI subcommittee on Environmental Carcinogenesis. In a dispute over the carcinogenicity of a particular chemical manufactured by Proctor and Gamble, Shubik was asked by another NCI scientist to state whom he was speaking for. "Proctor and Gamble," Shubik replied, without hesitation.

No wonder, then, that smoking, alcohol and excessive sunlight are the main environmental targets for the selective cancer-fighters at ACS and NCI—reduction in exposure depends safely on a change in specific personal habits, not in the habits of industry, chief producer of chemical carcinogens.

Maligning the tobacco industry or citing a few workplace carcinogens like asbestos and vinyl chloride still does not place in question the practice of pouring thousands of new chemicals, untested, unmonitored, into the environment every year. Among those already produced, nearly 2,000 are on a government list of suspected carcinogens.

NCI's bioassay (chemical test) branch was to have tested and reported on several hundred of these by now; instead it has become a testimony to the administration's lack of support for this line of attack on cancer. So few staff members were assigned to the branch that testing, reports Congressman Obey, was "turned over to a complex web of outside research firms who are, for the most part, private businesses that are also contracting with the industries that manufacture these chemicals, and in some cases are owned outright by the chemical manufacturing companies." The carcinogenesis program's original director resigned 18 months ago, followed by his assistant, chiefly because they could not tackle unassisted the ever-increasing backlog of unevaluated chemical tests. Now that backlog has reached over 200, and in the past two years,reports on only 14 chemicals have been issued.(A review of the Institute's approach to environmental causes of cancer has been initiated by recently appointed NCI Director Dr. Arthur C. Upton.)

ACS, with its proven influence over Congress, is in a unique position to influence national policy on cancer-causing chemicals. Yet they have consistently refused to give effective support to crucial bills such as the Toxic Substances Control Act, the Clean Air Act and a proposal to ban DES, a known carcinogen, from cattle feed.

"ACS will send a letter of support after a bill has already been passed by Congress," an employee of the House subcommittee on Health and Environment told me. "But they've never been of any real help, except on smoking legislation."

Perhaps worse than legislative inertia is ACS' betrayal of the trust of individuals, who call their public information service expecting to be given the latest available information.

Consider the question of the "safety" of polychlorinated biphenyls (PCBs)—a potent carcinogen and teratogen (causing birth defects) that accumulates mainly in fish. Even after lowering acceptable limits of PCB, the FDA has admitted that eating contaminated fish is still not safe for children and "women of child-bearing age". And, based on recent studies which have found PCB in both the human embryonic fluid and placenta at levels many times higher than what's considered safe, a University of Wisconsin pathologist, Dr. J. R. Allen, has said that "women *who plan to have children* had best discontinue eating fish." (Italics added.)

Here's what ACS's Irving Rimer said in response to a question about whether a pregnant woman should at least avoid eating the most contaminated species of fish:

"That fish is very good for your wife . . . It might be one of the best things she could eat in her condition. The fish you buy in a regular fish store or a regular supermarket will not be contaminated. I assure you—shop in a regular fish store and you'll have no problem at all."

You'd like to think that this was an isolated case—a single irresponsible executive who has something against irregular fish stores. But fierce protectiveness toward dangerous chemicals is typical of the top administrators at ACS and NCI.

For instance, while an FDA agent told me they regularly find residues of several different pesticides, including DDT, in food, Dr. Frank Rauscher assured me, "We don't have any pesticides showing up in the food chain anymore. DDT was thought to be a reasonably potent carcinogen in man, but we just don't have that anymore." Poof.

Among food color additives alone, there are 9 suspected and 2 known carcinogens, as a Health Research Group report based on FDA files revealed. Yet Dr. Rauscher and Dr. Lee Clark recently wrote in the *Washington Post*: "There is no evidence to implicate food preservatives or additives now on the market in human cancer . . ."

Meanwhile, ACS has been sniping away at the Delaney Clause, the public's main defense, weak as it is, against carcinogens in food. Despite public statements to the contrary, I was told by Larry Garfinkel, Dr. Hammond's assistant, that ACS would like to see the Delaney Clause modified so that it would be more difficult to take legislative action on chemicals based on animal test results. "There should be some human epidemiological evidence present before a substance is banned," Garfinkel said.

But as Dr. Robert Hoover, NCI Head of the Environmental Studies Section of Environmental Epidemiology, explains, "You *have* to use animal studies and sound biological reasoning. That's all we have, short of placing large segments of the population at risk." Because of cancer's 20-to-30-year latency period, "epidemiological evidence" would consist of a series of disasters continuing long after a substance was banned. Many scientists feel we're in for a lot of such evidence soon, due to the unthinking, uncontrolled outpour of chemicals since the 1960s.

Says Dr. Bruce Ames, University of California biochemist, expert in the field of carcinogenesis: "Most of us are walking around with little time bombs ticking away inside of us . . ."

Relax. As ACS's Dr. Hammond says, "100 percent of the people will die anyway, and there's no way in the foreseeable future to prevent that." ●

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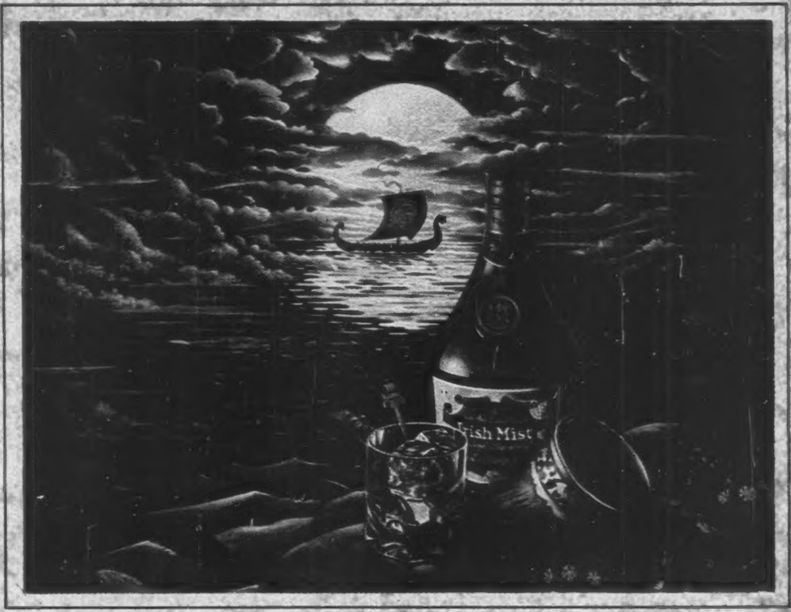

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Another Bummer President?

by Robert Shrum

More Hoover than Roosevelt, our not-so-new President can't seem to find his constituency—ten months after his inauguration, we are still looking for Jimmy and vice versa

The most apparent heir was introducing the incumbent to 650 fat cats at a $1,000-a-plate dinner in Beverly Hills. For California Governor Jerry Brown, kind words for Jimmy Carter are a passing formality. He doesn't like or respect the man he defeated in six presidential primaries last year, but 1980 is still two years away, so he had agreed to do the honors when Carter came to California last month.

Suddenly a Carter advance man slipped Brown a note: "The President is ready." Brown paused, stared at the note, and brought Carter on with an abrupt, flat non-flourish: "The President." White House press secretary Jody Powell was irate. "I felt like slugging the son of a bitch," he privately recalled later.

"...has formed a tie or cement between myself and your state and your people that will last until the last day I live"

It was another frustrating moment in a whirlwind, cross-country weekend excursion that was supposed to mend the President's sagging political fences. Instead, the trip knocked over fence posts at every stop. In Detroit, Carter talked for 90 minutes with blacks and blue-collar workers without once mentioning the Humphrey-Hawkins full employment bill, the priority item on the agenda of the Congressional Black Caucus. After the Detroit session, caucus member John Conyers, who had flown to Michigan at Carter's invitation on Air Force I, excoriated his erstwhile host: "I feel that I have been put on." In Iowa, Carter forgot to mention Democratic Senator Dick Clark, a candidate for re-election next year, who was sitting on the platform with him. In Colorado, Senator Floyd Haskell refused a joint fund-raiser with Carter: it would hurt him in his tough re-election battle to be seen with the President. And some in Carter's Los Angeles audience drifted out as he droned through a laundry list of the Administration's achievements; a presidential aide standing in the rear pantomimed a vaudeville hook.

Carter never developed a coherent theme during the trip. Speaking extemporaneously at each stop, he talked in what *Boston Globe* reporter Curtis Wilkie characterized as "gibberish." Wilkie's samples of Carterese included the President thanking Iowa Democrats for his victory in their 1976 caucuses: that victory, Carter said, had "formed a tie or cement between myself and your state and your people that will last until the last day I live.

Rather than providing an escape from his troubles, Carter's trip seemed to prove that for presidents, too, when it rains, it pours. Every president endures what John Kennedy, during one of his presidential downs, ruefully characterized, in Shakespeare's phrase, as a "winter of discontent." But Carter's winter has come sooner—and proved more severe—than that of any other elected president in a generation. Nine months after taking office, for example, Dwight Eisenhower had a 65 percent approval rating, and John Kennedy, despite the Bay of Pigs and the Berlin Wall, had 77 percent. The Harris Poll now gives Carter a negative split: 48 percent of the public judges his record positively, 50 percent negatively. Though Gallup reports 59 percent approval, even he finds the President's support relatively

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weak, with only 24 percent "strongly" approving his performance.

Some Washington pundits have reached a consensus on Carter's declining fortunes, one eagerly seized upon by Administration apologists and by the President himself at his October 27 news conference. Carter, the latest wisdom holds, is a victim of his own activism. "He's tried to do too much," says a White House aide, citing a volley of major legislative initiatives including the energy plan, welfare reform, minimum wage and the Panama Canal treaty.

In fact, Carter's predecessors were just as active in the first year of their terms. In 1953, Eisenhower established the Department of Health, Education and Welfare, fought off the Bricker Amendment to limit the president's treaty making powers, desegregated the armed forces, reduced the military budget by more than $4 billion, proposed a social security increase, and, in effect, led the Republican Party to ratify the New Deal. In 1961, Kennedy secured a hotly contested minimum wage bill, the Peace Corps, the Depressed Areas Act, extended unemployment compensation, and hefty increases in the space and defense budgets; he also proposed medicare, manpower retraining and a Department of Housing. Richard Nixon's first nine months left Congress with an agenda at least as controversial as Carter's—revenue sharing, welfare reform, tax reform, draft reform, the antiballistic missile and the SST.

All these presidents won some and lost some, and occasionally took bad legislative beatings. But each had constituencies that through it all remained deeply loyal. Eisenhower was the least ideological; he stationed himself squarely in "the middle of the road," as he repeatedly emphasized. But for a Democratic president, leading a party of labor, minorities and liberals, moderation is a harder tack to take. "Carter doesn't have a program that consistently appeals to any constituency," says Alan Baron, editor of *The Baron Report* and a perceptive critic of Democratic politics.

As a candidate, Jimmy Carter's ambiguity brought him support from across the political spectrum: each group could see in him what they wished. But now all of them are seeing what he *does*. When he compromises their hopes, rather than being grateful for getting something, they tend to blame him for not getting everything. Candidate Carter was a master at identifying with blacks. But having raised—and profited politically from—their expectations, President Carter is paying the price for not fulfilling them. His support among blacks has plummeted from 90 percent last November to 57 percent, the lowest level for a Democratic president in the history of polling.

"But we've passed more public service jobs than any past Administration," pleads a White House official. Ironically, Carter, so adept at deploying his own symbols, doesn't appear to understand the symbolism of others. For blacks, the Humphrey-Hawkins bill has become their symbol. They pressured Carter into endorsing it last year and pressed him on the issue for months after his inauguration. On October 13, he said that he would announce his support for a new version of Humphrey-Hawkins "within the next few days." But the President procrastinated, forcing his staff into repeated renegotiations with the bill's congressional sponsors; it didn't reach his desk until October 26, and even then the President couldn't make up his mind.

Poring over memos of minutiae, Carter runs the White House like H&R Block

And even if he finally approves the bill, late and reluctantly, liberals will quarrel with the Carter version as too little because it won't *guarantee* jobs for the unemployed, the central purpose of the original bill. Instead, the compromise will merely oblige the President to set target goals for unemployment for each of the next five years—and each year the Council of Economic Advisers will have to outline how Administration policies can achieve the goals. And the business community will regard even this as creeping economic planning. "It's going to be a classic case of pissing off everybody by trying to please everybody," a congressional aide predicts.

Increasingly, that is the pattern of policymaking in the Carter Administration. The President dispatched a platoon of public interest activists to the regulatory commissions and called for a Consumer Action Agency. The business community was up in arms. Then, with the consumer agency less than 10 votes shy of House passage, Carter declined to make the phone calls necessary to get the votes. Instead, he told House Speaker O'Neill that the Administration would rather skip a showdown this year. The story infuriated the consumerists who heard it.

Carter, of course, could build a constituency by more sharply defining himself. But one Administration official thinks that he "doesn't have any consistent philosophy that fits the usual categories. The only issue so far where he sounded like he felt something in his gut was Bert Lance." Another Carter appointee contends that the President in fact does have his own preferences, especially on economic policy, but can't follow them because they're incompatible with his Democratic base: "He may be an accidental Democrat. When he started out, you had to be a Democrat in Georgia. I think he could be a moderate Republican; he's convinced that the key economic goal is reassuring business." So Carter has temporized on full employment and, after an earful of complaints from the business community, he renounced his campaign notion of wage and price restraints. Former Council of Economic Advisers Chairman Arthur Okun now predicts "accelerated" inflation through 1979, probably followed by a recession—which would strain Carter's already shaky alliance with organized labor.

The President is caught in a similar trap on Mideast policy, where he again appears to have a personal preference that goes against the grain of traditional Democratic politics. As a candidate, he uttered the customary supportive words about Israel, but once in office, without consulting the State Department and on the eve of the Israeli elections, he publicly spoke of a "homeland for the Palestinians." And later, hours before Rosh Hashana, one of the few days when virtually all American Jews gather in synagogues, the Administration issued a statement calling for participation of the Palestinian Liberation Organization in the scheduled Mideast peace talks in Geneva. Predictably, the American Jewish community, a potent force in the Democratic Party, was furious. Carter promptly started backtracking. In Beverly Hills, he assured his fat cat audience of his "love" for Israel. He instructed UN Ambassador Andrew Young to abstain on an Egyptian resolution censuring Israel—a resolution which was a direct quote from one of the Administration's own statements.

Suddenly, Arab leaders saw peace slipping away as Carter backed off his earlier stand. Jordan's King Hussein warned a presidential adviser that he was no longer "hopeful." From Saudi Arabian Foreign Minister Saud, the same Carter envoy heard a prediction that the Geneva Conference was likely to collapse, if it convened at all, and the consequence would be another war. So in a November 2 speech, the President offered something for Arabs and Jews alike: he pledged Israel aid "without parallel in history," while endorsing "the legitimate rights of the Palestinians."

By licking the bullet on the Middle East, Carter in the end may lose on both politics and policy. The suspicions he has sowed in the Jewish community have depressed his approval there to 34 percent, another unprecedented low for a Democratic president in another perennially Democratic constituency.

An Administration official concludes that the President "can't resist tinkering. He's an engineer, a problem solver; he keeps adjusting things to acomodate the problem of opposition." That characteristic has also compounded Carter's energy tribulations. Last spring, he engineered a compromise energy policy. The liberals wanted conservation and antitrust action against big oil: the President offered a modicum of conservation. The conservatives wanted free market prices: he recommended a 25 percent rise in the regulated price of natural gas.

The compromise became a staging ground for a pitched ideological battle. Carter accepted a generally conservative string of amendments, then announced in September that he would veto any deregulation of gas prices. But to soften the blow to the industry, Energy Department officials passed the word that if the regulated price proved too low to spur higher production, it would be increased later. "So now the oil companies have an incentive all right—to hold out for the higher prices," says Miles Rubin of the consumerist Energy Action Coalition.

"Whatever happened to Carter's famous stubbornness?" a Democratic congressman wonders. "It's there," says a Presidential assistant. "It doesn't really relate to issues, though, but to his own conception of the job." White House staffers report that Carter insists on making even relatively minor decisions—that he runs the White House like H & R Block. "He sits in there hour after hour," an aide says, nodding toward the Oval Office, "poring over cover memos about minutiae. He won't delegate anything." Over the Columbus Day weekend, the President spent 26 hours nitpicking individual line items in the defense budget; he has also personally scheduled staff use of the White House tennis courts and swimming pool. It is a grind to no great effect. F.D.R. aide James Rowe recently complained that Carter's "doing an awful lot of stuff he shouldn't be doing. He must be exhausting himself." But the "in-box theory of governing," as one official characterizes it, "seems to suit him. It's one place where he feels sure of himself."

Herbert Hoover, the last engineer to become president, regularly devoted endless days to orderly administration, down to the last detail. He "tried too hard to be Chief Executive," wrote historian Clinton Rossiter. On the other hand, Rossiter rated Lincoln and Franklin Roosevelt as "shabby" administrators. Roosevelt explicitly disdained the role. "The presidency," he said during the 1932 campaign, "is not merely an administrative office. That is the least of it. It is pre-eminently a place of moral leadership."

So far Carter has been more Hoover than Roosevelt. Absorbed in administrative detail, he has slighted the presidential power of public persuasion. Seldom has a president been so well positioned to exploit that power. Carter's symbolism and his image as a forthright nonpolitician brought him fresh to the center of the national stage. But he has stood there nearly mute. As of November 1, Carter had given major speeches only six times since his inauguration. Compared to other presidents, this approximates the sounds of silence.

Roosevelt and Kennedy, the modern masters of presidential mass communication, addressed complex issues in arresting language that left listeners with a sense of their purposes, if not all the programmatic details. By contrast, Carter's televised energy address to the Congress may have had the opposite effect: he plainspoke a pastiche of technical, unfamiliar terms such as "cogeneration" and "retrofitting."

Carter's most memorable lines as president have been: 1) "Lots of things in life are unfair"; 2) the energy program is the "moral equivalent of war"; and 3) "I'm proud of you, Bert." Only the war analogy, a quote from William James, was planned in advance. Carter doesn't like to give prepared speeches, says an Administration official, who adds: "He wants to extemp everything. So he gets tired and sloppy."

All presidents, of course, make verbal slips. But Carter is relatively defenseless against his gaffes because he's not setting and restating his own positive themes. His acceptance speech, one adviser argues, "should have proved to him that eloquence isn't a mistake." Carter wrote most of that speech himself, a task for which his administrative intensity now leaves him no time. And though he used ghostwritten material during the campaign—for example, his health care address to the National Medical Association—he has resisted it fiercely as president. Carter's chief speechwriter James Fallow is described as "very frustrated."

So is the State Department, which has repeatedly implored Carter to explain the Panama issue. "One reason we're in so much trouble," a department official argues, "is that the President hasn't told the country why the treaty makes sense. The country doesn't listen to [Secretary of State] Vance's Senate testimony. Only the President can get through effectively." A Carter adviser agrees, but says: "It isn't time yet; he'll do it in January."

One veteran Democrat suggests that it may never happen: "Politicians, like generals, follow their experience. Carter's been successful as a retail politician. He got elected Governor of Georgia by shaking 600,000 hands. He won the presidential nomination in 1976 by becoming the front runner after Iowa and New Hampshire," two states where he could campaign on a one-to-one basis. In the fall contest with Ford, when he had to function as a "wholesale politician," he lost 12 million votes of his lead in as many weeks. "He could never decide on a theme for the general election," admits one of his campaign strategists. "He went back to his stump speech from the primaries."

Yet ironically, Carter's other serious difficulty involves the one form of retail politics that does count for a president—his relations with Congress. The

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retailing that works in Des Moines and Franconia—a smile, a handshake and warm words to voters who won't be seen again for four years—isn't enough for the legislators a president has to deal with—and depend on—for four years; with them, once-over-lightly can be counterproductive. After he proposed a $50 tax rebate last winter, Carter phoned a Senate Democrat, who replied that he just couldn't go for it—it was bad economics. Carter said he could accept that, then added: "You're one of my closest friends. I want to work closely with you on other issues." The Senator has not heard from the President since then.

"The fact is that he doesn't like politicians," a White House staffer says. "He doesn't feel comfortable with them." Carter asked six senators to individual private sessions with him when he needed just two votes to win the natural gas deregulation battle. They each told him they had political problems in their home states. He answered that he understood, they should do what they thought was best. He couldn't bring himself to push for their votes—and he didn't get a single one of them on the decisive roll call. Wisconsin Senator Gaylord Nelson recently confided to an associate that "meeting with Carter, you have the impression you're with a computer taking in information and not giving you any reaction. You don't feel you've met with anybody."

The President has tried to smooth his congressional relations by recruiting a few key legislators to carry his program. Yet this expedient leaves the Administration at their mercy. Thus, intentionally or not, the White House has strengthened the hawkish hold of Washington Senator Henry Jackson on strategic arms limitation. "They've built him up as *the* senator on this issue. They figure that if they can persuade him, they're home free," a Foreign Relations Committee staffer says. "But Jackson may very well decide to be against any treaty—and they've made it easier for him to block Senate ratification."

Even when Carter has important loyalists in the Congress and can depend on them, they're not sure they can depend on him. After urgent presidential entreaties, Senator Edmund Muskie became the champion of the tax rebate, though he remained dubious about its merits. But Carter couldn't build public support for the rebate and business pressured him into dropping it. The White House failed to notify Muskie in advance. The Administration committed a similar blunder in September, when Vice President Mondale broke the Senate filibuster against natural gas deregulation. The filibuster leaders, who were fighting for Carter's position, had no forewarning. Afterwards, South Dakotan Jim Abourezk cracked: "This Administration doesn't have an enemies list; it has a friends list." (A close Carter adviser insists that this time, the President himself didn't know in advance: "He went through the roof when he found out what Mondale had done.")

Nearly a year ago, pollster Pat Caddell wrote the president-elect a memo urging a cautious, middle course. One of Caddell's assumptions was that the traditional Democratic coalition would stick by the President anyway. But many party regulars now regard a challenge to Carter in the 1980 primaries as a serious possibility. Jerry Brown is primed to go; as the President's Jewish support wanes, Brown is stoking his own pro-Israeli fervor. As skepticism about the Administration spreads on the Left, George McGovern is talking with black leaders, liberal activists—and, less predictably, several party organization stalwarts—about fighting for a progressive platform at the Democratic mid-term convention next year. And veteran Kennedy associates are musing quietly on a Kennedy candidacy in 1980. Maybe if Teddy ran then, against an incumbent, one of them suggests, he could do it more as a matter of principle than ambition, thus partially relieving the onus of Chappaquiddick.

In early October, Caddell advised Carter that he had to start "acting like a Democratic president." He needed to make enemies, the kind Franklin Roosevelt made and was loved for. Caddell recommended the oil industry as a target; it had rock bottom public approval and its lobbying could be blamed, with some justice, for the Senate's evisceration of the energy plan. In his next press conference, Carter blasted big oil for "potential war profiteering."

Such denunciations of special interests are standard Democratic fare, but for Carter, they won't be enough. For he now faces a threat that cuts across all ideological lines. Last month, a midwestern rancher told his state's Democratic senator: "Carter's in so far over his head its unbelievable." There is a growing popular perception of presidential incompetence. The efficient engineer of 1976 appears to be disorganized and disoriented—in command but not necessarily in control. The fresh face looks tired: outwardly, Carter has aged as much in ten months as Franklin Roosevelt did in eight years. For a growing number of Americans, the Lance affair was the prototype of the Carter presidency. "It was Carter's mini-Eagleton," says one political consultant. "He didn't know what he should have known, and he didn't act decisively."

Once the perception of a politician's incompetence settles into the public mind, it becomes almost impossible to dislodge; just ask George McGovern. That image hasn't firmly settled on Jimmy Carter—yet—and he is now trying to shake it off before it does. He has assigned special trade-negotiator Robert Strauss, a Lyndon Johnson Texan and former Democratic National Chairman,

UPI

to lubricate his relations with Congress. Simultaneously, he's been working to prove that he can take a position and hang tough. He vetoed the breeder reactor bill; it not only was his first veto, but a warning to Congress that he does really mean to veto any natural gas deregulation. He also delayed his four-continent tour to fight for his energy policy and delivered a second fireside chat on the issue.

Energy, Carter's associates figure, will be the acid test of his competence. The President will approve virtually any energy bill that doesn't include deregulation. "He has to," an aide explains. "We need a victory—we need to show that we can get something done." Yet the energy legislation that reaches Carter may give him so much less than a full loaf that it will look like a crust. The Senate has stripped away the conservation rebates he proposed, and substituted billions in tax benefits, mostly to industry and upper income groups. A hefty portion of the giveaway will survive the House-Senate conference. And even a bill that was perceived as a victory would only buy Carter time. It would salve but not solve the underlying causes of his presidential difficulties.

Carter and his men now seem to recognize those difficulties. They also resent them. One White House adviser blames the messengers for much of the bad news. The post-Watergate press, he argues, is inclined to find faults with presidents, perhaps even habituated to bringing them down. "You're damned if you do or if you don't," he says. "If Carter hadn't presented all these bills, they would have said he was all style and no substance. If he didn't compromise, they'd say he was rigid."

"This Administration doesn't have an enemies list," says one senator. "It has a friends list"

If Carter has been making procedural adjustments, his instincts remain much the same: when he retreated to Camp David in October to reassess his presidency, he invited along only the four top Georgians in the White House who have been with him from the beginning. Bob Strauss wasn't there; neither was Walter Mondale, the Administration's putative second man.

"Some things about Jimmy are never going to change," Hamilton Jordan recently predicted to some staff members at the Democratic National Committee. Jordan sounded almost fatalistic: things might work out, or they might not. He recalled that "after one term as governor, Jimmy couldn't have been re-elected in Georgia. Maybe he'll end up that way in 1980."●

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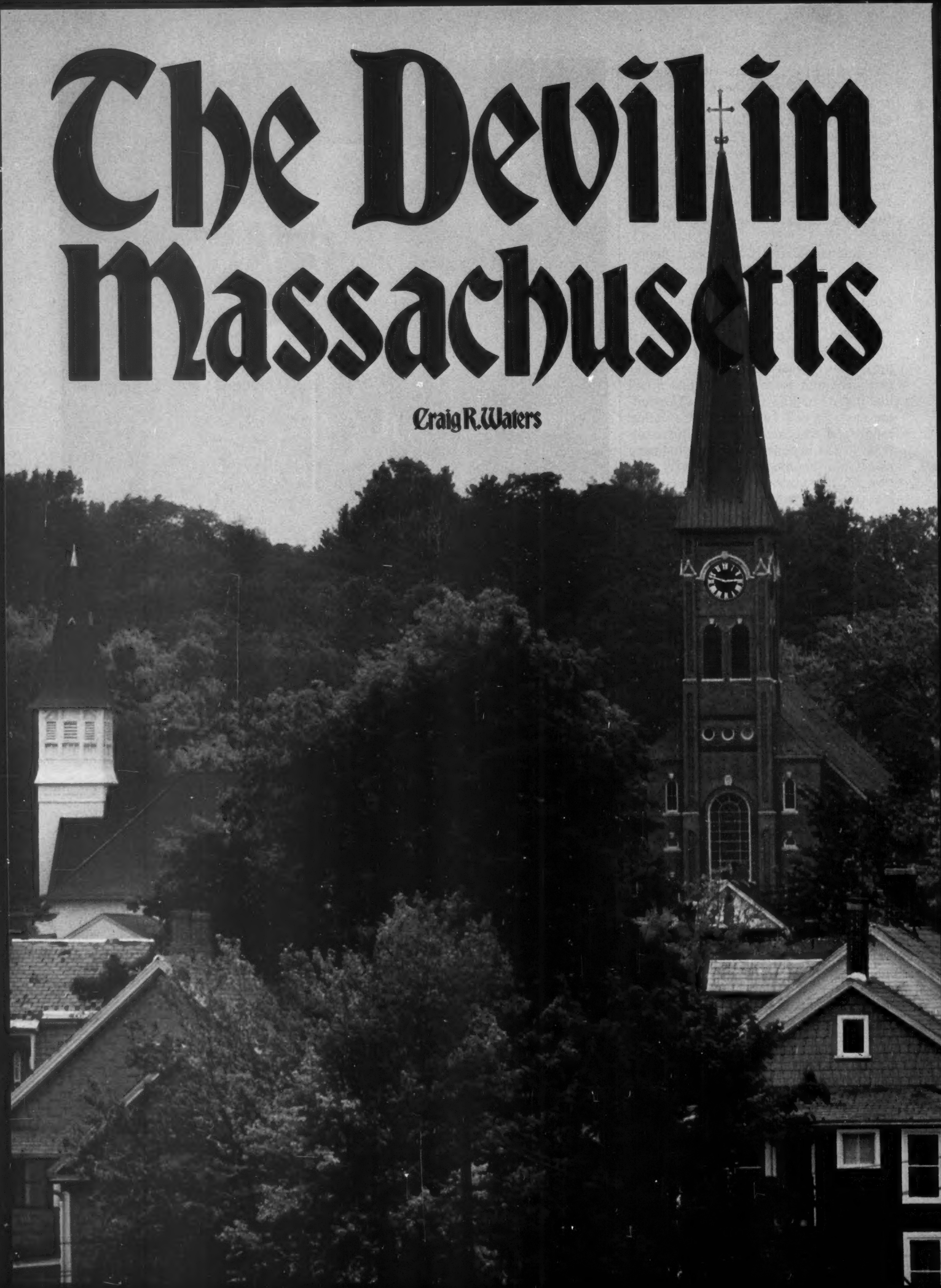
The Devil in Massachusetts

Craig R. Waters



The good folks of Franklin County are on the brink of a modern-day witch hunt; and their prime target is a worshipper of the Almighty Dollar

If, like a migrating hawk, you were to happen upon Turners Falls, the mountains would be the first thing you'd notice: the bold undulations of the Berkshires, just beginning to turn gold and crimson, envelop the little village. Then, dipping lower, you'd note the twinkling snake of the Connecticut River zigzagging among the hills, and spot the steeples of area churches—the simple white shaft of the First Congregational Church, the red brick monolith of St Anne's, the gold numerals keeping time on St. Mary's tower. Dropping down, you'd discover other, lesser buildings—old frame homes sprouting like mushrooms beneath the trees, small stores and aging apartments clustered along Avenue A, the town's main street.

Finally, fluttering down into the very middle of things, you'd see the Opera House, a tapped-out vaudeville theater which, despite its age, still wears rouge and greasepaint. The dark brick building, and the storefronts it adjoins, are apoplectic with paint—green, yellow, blue; windows are festooned with Confederate stars and stripes; one wall is devoted to a psychedelic mural. The sign above the doors reads "The Renaissance Church of Beauty."

The Renaissance Church of Beauty is an indelicate anachronism: a Day-Glo poster for KISS pasted up among Norman Rockwell originals. It is too bright, too loud, for this tame time and tranquil place. It belongs in the East Village or in Haight-Ashbury, but not in small town America: not in a dozing mill town in western Massachusetts. Nevertheless, like a spark struck in dry woodlands, it is here.

On this particular Sunday morning in September, some 100 members of the Renaissance Community—one of the oldest, largest and, by its own accounting, most successful of communes—have gathered for a weekly worship service. The Opera House auditorium is large and dimly lit, and littered with things and people: the stage is cramped with amps and drums and loudspeakers; the hall has been shorn of chairs, so the congregation sits on the floor, lounges on a few battered sofas and junked American Airlines recliners.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PETER SOUTHWICK

Michael Rapunzel: Renaissance man

Abbie Hoffman may be freelancing for *Oui*, and Rennie Davis may be selling life insurance for John Hancock, but hippies and *Hair* and the Age of Aquarius persist. Renaissance is a Woodstock sampler: the men are lean, in Goodwill jeans, with long hair and exuberant beards; the women lift peasant blouses and nonchalantly offer their breasts to nursing babies; children and dogs cavort freely about the auditorium. It is nearly as though the last 10 years haven't happened.

The minister of this unlikely flock sits, swiveling idly, in a black leather chair at the front of the room. Michael Metelica Rapunzel is 27, an unremarkable-looking young man with hard features, a mane of blond hair and long sideburns which are conspicuously darker; he wears sandals, snug Levis and an airy Mexican blouse. His voice, pumped up by a concert-quality sound system, rolls over his listeners like warm honey—"We're now involved in the great transformation," he is saying.

The sermon is ad-libbed and wanders awkwardly, but makes an important point—a life and death point, perhaps: "We're leaving the divided community that we created for our own protection," he explains. "We've lived in different areas, different places, so that nothing could be focused on us as a community . . . But now we're thoroughbreds; we can deal with the negativity. "We've reached the point where we're strong enough to be together."

For years, the members of the Renaissance Community have hidden from what they thought was misunderstanding, discrimination and violence. Like Jews afflicted by a modern Diaspora, they were scattered throughout Franklin County, one of the prettiest—if also one of the poorest and least progressive—counties in Massachusetts. They lived in apartments, houses and lodges—in Gill, Warwick, Northfield and Turners Falls. Now, at last, they are coming together; the time that they have dreamed about is near: "when the band breaks"; "when the bills are paid in two weeks"; when the 250 men, women and children of Renaissance are able to live as one. For them, the Aquarian Age is about to happen. But the circumstances which dictated their original hegira haven't changed. If there was ignorance and anger in the past, then there is ignorance and anger now. If anything, the unpleasant tension between the commune and local residents has increased. All that has really changed is the strengths of the respective armies.

Michael Metelica was born in Turners Falls and raised in Leyden, a nearby farming community; he is a son of this part of the country—a product of its rustic charm and hardscrabble poverty. The sons and daughters of shahs and U.S. senators may attend school nearby—at Deerfield Academy, Smith and Amherst—but Turners Falls is a fallen mill town which, with ill-advised Yankee persistence, has held on since the Depression.

The area's principal employers are the Millers Fall Tool Co. and the Greenfield Tap and Die Co. Michael's father, a

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plain man who uses hard drinking to relieve hard living, is a machinist at the latter; his mother died recently of cancer. Michael remembers his childhood as a time of lean need: "They were always talking about money—always trying to make it," he says. He remembers himself as "a notorious character." One friend from the period remembers Michael as, quite simply, "a punk." "He hung out with a tough crowd, but never got into fights," the friend, a former member of Renaissance, explained. "Michael lived by his mouth."

In 1967, inspired by a photograph in *Life* magazine, Michael dropped out of school and headed for California to join the Hells Angels. He met members of the gang, but didn't enlist; instead, he was seduced by the philosophy, music and drugs of the Love Generation. "All you need to know about Michael," a journalist who has written about him insists, "is that, at the age of 16, he went to the West Coast to become a Hell's Angel . . . and he came back a flower child. And he's still both a Hell's Angel *and* a flower child."

After summering in the Golden State, Michael returned to Leyden determined to grow some California Sunshine in New England's cold, rocky soil. "When Michael came back, he was into a guru trip," his friend recalled. "We were all doing speed and acid and grass—Timothy Leary-type trips. He fell in as a leader because, while we were still searching, he seemed to have found something; he had that certainty the others lacked."

Michael worked for awhile in a pickle factory but then, in the spring of 1968, he resumed his spiritual quest; he built a small tree house on top of "Blueberry Hill," a knoll on a neighboring farm, and retired there to read and meditate. Soon a handful of followers had joined him. It was the beginning—small, quiet and virtually unplanned—of what would become one of the largest and most enduring of communes. *And* the black sheep of Franklin County.

At about the same time, Michael met Elwood Babbitt, a local eccentric highly regarded as a medium. A tall, middle-aged bus driver with rubbery features and a wiry physique, the "seer of Obie Mountain" was thought by some to be a successor to Edgar Cayce; in trance, Babbitt assumed the personas of Vishnu, Christ, Mahatma Gandhi and Winston Churchill. Babbitt became Michael's spiritual mentor, and his teachings provided the commune with a theology and moral guidelines. Under Babbitt's tutelage, Michael was soon discussing his childhood visions and former lives—as St. Peter, Scipio Africanus and General Robert E. Lee (he claims that actor Paul Newman was Jefferson Davis).

Over the years, the size, character, lifestyle, location and goals of the community changed, but its most basic beliefs—in brotherhood, love, reincarnation and karma—remained the same. During the winter of 1968–69, Bob Houriet, the author of *Getting Back Together*, a comprehensive survey of communes, paid a brief visit to Michael's group. "High in the Massachusetts Berkshires, living in a lean-to cabin, was the Leyden Society," he wrote, "a group of twenty-year-olds who had just given up drugs. They subsisted on brown rice, took plunges in iced-over brooks, and awaited the world's end."

When he returned two years later, Houriet found the situation much changed; the "Brotherhood of the Spirit" had grown to 150 members and had moved into an old inn in Warwick. "The shutters and doors of the sedate clapboard inn had been painted purple," he noted. "The old restaurant had been enlarged and redecorated . . . From a large shed-shaped building emanated the amplified, live, rock music of Spirit in Flesh, the Brotherhood's band (with Michael as lead vocalist). The band had just signed a recording contract with

RENAISSANCE CHURCH

Avenue A, the main street in Turners Falls: Suddenly, it's the sixties

Metromedia. Young girls with clean, long hair and light in their eyes quartered cabbages to make a crock of sauerkraut. Beyond the house stretched neat, 100-foot rows of a well-harvested garden . . .At the other end of the property rose the nearly completed frame of a 100-by-31-foot dormitory—three stories high." It was an idylic, if idealized scene.

The commune had numerous characters and incarnations. It was also the All Living Church, the Cathedral of the Spirit and Metelica's Aquarian Concept before it became (for tax purposes) the Renaissance Church and The Renaissance Community, Inc. Like Michael, like most young people, it progressed inexorably from ideal to idol to real: in its case, from flower child to Rock Star to hippie entrepreneur. The voice of the prophet . . . became the blare of a Spirit in Flesh concert at Carnegie Hall . . . became the toll of cash registers in Turners Falls.

The man most responsible for the capitalist incarnation is John Pollard, an MBA from Berkeley who serves as treasurer of the church and president of the community. Once a management systems analyst, then an Altamont hippie, Pollard now looks like the latter, but acts like the former. He wears leather jackets and Levis, a Fu Manchu mustache and long black hair cinched with a rubber band; but he is as serious,as suspicious and second-guessing, as any Brooks Brother-ed businessman.

When he arrived in 1970, the Brotherhood was less into Spirit than into poverty. Pollard put them on welfare, and then took them off; he taught them how to raise money; he showed them how to use incorporation, the law and lawsuits to achieve their goals. He didn't transform the Brotherhood into the Incredible Money Making Machine, but he made it possible for them to continue acquiring assets while avoiding bankruptcy. Which is, of course, the Modern American Dream.

"I've read *Helter Skelter,*" an ex-member said, "and I didn't find many dissimilarities...except Michael seems smarter"

Today, Renaissance owns real estate worth more than $100,000, including apartments, houses, the Opera Block (a cluster of stores adjoining their church in Turners Falls), and the 2001 Center (an 80-acre settlement in Gill). It owns 75 vehicles—among them a bulldozer, a dump truck, sports cars, vans, three renovated Silver Eagle buses and some 25 motorcycles (including several customized choppers). There is a 2001 Choir (recently embarked on a 12-week Canadian tour), and a Renaissance Radio Show (aired coast-to-coast by some 26 stations).

The commune owns and operates a veritable Mulligan's stew of businesses: a bookstore, delicatessen, pottery shop, pinball arcade, recording studio and natural foods restaurant, and construction, greeting card, silk screening and theatrical sound and light companies. The biggest money-maker is Rocket's Silver Train, which has rented its plush buses to such tourists as Linda Ronstadt, Joe Cocker, Peter Frampton, James Taylor and the Captain and Tennille; the bus fare runs as high as $3,000 a week.

All told, the businesses generate an income of more than $1 million a year, Pollard claims. But the grubstake—the source of whatever financial security the community enjoys—is the result of gifts, not profits. When new members join, they bequeath their assets to the church; approximately one-half of the 200 adults work without pay in commune businesses; the remainder, employed at outside jobs, donate their paychecks to the community treasury. (Living expenses are allotted each week on the basis of need.)

It is difficult to pin Renaissance down—to fully describe it, to decipher its *raison d'etre.* It is so many things . . . and constantly changing. It regards itself as a religious community, but its religion is of a subtle sort—a faint backdrop, rather than a primary activity. It preaches a return to basics, but is obsessed with Rock Stardom; it eschews possessions, but is unabashedly Capitalistic. It is both a "therapeutic communi-

The church of the latter day hippies: "A refuge for the walking wounded of Woodstock"

Silk screening: It's a living

Commune craftwork: I'm into leather

The Promised Land: Going up in Gill

ty" and a "refuge for the walking wounded of Woodstock." Pollard explains its illusive nature by saying, "Our generation came out of rock and roll; we were raised on media hype . . . so that's what we are." But what Renaissance most clearly is, is a personality cult: a group seduced by Michael's charisma, and choreographed by his shifting enthusiasms.

"The place is run for Michael's pleasure, by Michael's whim," a former member explained. But if Michael is a despot, he is at least an artful and beneficent one. The creed of his church is "Energy is God, and everyone has it"; its principal commandments: No Hard Liquor, No Drugs, No Promiscuity, No Violence. It is an institution which would seem to have no natural enemies, an organization more likely to inspire apathy than anger. But from the outset, Michael and his flock have been as welcome as typhoid in Franklin County. There was the same belligerence, name-calling and threats which greeted longhairs everywhere, but here the threats were imparted by club-wielding locals. Like an offensive nest of tent caterpillars, Michael's tree house was swept by fire. "There were a lot of hassles," Pollard recalled. "Our cars were being shot at and run off the road . . . Whenever we moved into a new community, zoning laws were passed to drive us out of town." Finally, in September of 1973, a young member of the commune was murdered.

Peter Luban was 18, a tall, quiet boy with shoulder-length hair, almond-shaped eyes, and a comical, gap-toothed smile: a "sweet boy," people said. He had been a member of the community for about a year, and held two outside jobs. On the evening of September 23, he was seen hitchhiking on the shoulder of Route 91 in Springfield. Three days later, his body was found lying face down in a wooded area some 20 miles away. Peter Luban had been strangled, and his throat had been slashed ear-to-ear; though dead, he had then been stabbed twice in the back. Police could not locate his sweater, his shoes, or a weapon.

A state pathologist ruled the death a suicide. An independent autopsy, requested by his parents, reached a conclusion of homicide. The case was never solved. Less than a month later, Michael Metelica petitioned a Franklin County court to change his name to Michael Rapunzel. He spoke of the need for a "professional identity" to further his recording career; he explained his desire to protect his parents from harassment; but he did not mention Peter Luban.

Since then, however, things have changed: the commune has grown in size and sophistication; it has developed financial credibility if not clout; it has demonstrated the seriousness of its intentions by suing local police and town officials; perhaps most importantly, it has simply refused to go away. "You can count the communes which are as large as Renaissance on the fingers of one hand," a student of the movement notes, "and those which have lasted as long on the fingers of the other."

"There aren't nearly as many problems now," Pollard observes with satisfaction. "There are still a few redneck-types in this town who hassle us, but there isn't any violence. The resentment has diluted enough so that we can live together again."

For nearly 10 years, Michael has served as the tour guide of a peripatetic, Economy Class trip to his Promised Land. His long-suffering, long-haired flock have followed him from Leyden to Northfield to Warwick to Turners Falls. But now that they have been tried and have withstood the test of time, now that they are skillful and strong enough to survive—now they are ready to enter Canaan.

The Promised Land, Michael says, is Gill, Massachusetts. It is at least a promising land: a small, quiet community of gently rolling hills, carpeted with fields and forests, and furnished with neat homes and handsome barns. "Main Street" is a two-lane county road, "downtown" an intersection where the town hall, First Congregational Church and a country store congregate. There are 1,200 residents, a part-time clerk and police chief, and several hundred cows.

Two years ago, Renaissance bought the Stone Lodge, a large home that had once been a restaurant, on 80 acres in Gill. Now the lodge is the 2001 Center, a residence and workshop, and the land is a construction site: here Michael will erect his New Jerusalem, an Aquarian village embodying the community's ideals. Here, in Gill, the future of Renaissance will unfold. Two new houses are already under construction, and as many as 15 may eventually be built; all are designed to make use of alternative energy sources. This summer, the Center plans to begin working with ICRY (Inner City Roundtable of Youth), a New York City organization providing vocational training for as many as 200 gang members. And, during the next two years, all 250 members of the Renaissance family will move to the new homestead in Gill. They will leave their apartments and their separate lives behind . . . and they will be one again.

But the situations which prompted their original flight haven't changed. The misunderstanding, tension and intolerance which made life unpleasant in Northfield and in Warwick and in Turners Falls have followed them to Gill. Like terminal cancer patients, the plain folks of Franklin County have grown accustomed to an alien but inoperable presence; they treat it with grudging respect,

A Rock Odyssey: Renaissance's 2001 Choir prepares for superstardom

but they hate it nonetheless. For the past two years, the fear and the anger have sizzled like a damp fuse; now the fuse is running out.

The undeclared feud between members of Renaissance and members of the local community is a conflict of lifestyles, not substance. The widows, and farmers, and mechanics, and retired sergeants can recite a long litany of abuses: they do not like the way the "hippies" dress; they do not like the way they act; they do not like the way they drive; they do not like the garish way they paint their buildings; they do not like their use of lawyers to subvert the community's will; they do not like their "misuse" of welfare; they do not like the bikers that Michael attracts. But there are few substantive charges, few obvious offenses. On those rare occasions when there are, residents react with a strange mixture of terror and glee: theirs is the grim satisfaction of dire prophecies fulfilled. "Rapunzel has had several automobile accidents," a young trucker enthuses. "Last time, the girl riding with him was seriously hurt."

The incident resurrected most frequently to validate Gill's resentment is a May Day concert held at the Center last year. Pollard had assured town officials that no more than 5,000 tickets would be sold, but 18,000 people showed up for the affair, which featured such performers as Jonathan Edwards, Harry Chapin and Country Joe McDonald. Main Street was not prepared for the Chinese Wall of traffic; at times, local residents found it impossible to reach their homes. Lawns were expropriated for parking lots, campfires built on private property, fields of alfalfa trampled by concertgoers; one resident, the owner of a nearby stable, was attacked and beaten by trespassers; three homes were broken into.

When the concert began, the mood grew more mellow; a wealth of music, a flush of beer, a toke of dope and a snatch of sex among the pines, and everyone was feeling fine. Except for the good citizens of Gill: they were furious. It was one thing to endure a handful of longhairs; it was quite another to watch a quiet community of 1,200 overrun by 18,000 uninvited guests. They wrote letters to the editor of the local paper, letters to their congressmen; they asked that the Massachusetts Department of Public Safety investigate; they demanded that future concerts be banned. But, when time passed and nothing happened, they repaired to their sullen silence, more angry, more bitter, than they had been before.

Then, this summer, two new incidents shattered their stony resolve. In June, Michael revealed that he intended to bring New York City gang members to Gill for vocational training (gang members had, in fact, been visiting the Center since March—Franklin County residents had just not been informed). Within days, 2,100 signatures had been collected on petitions seeking details of the ICRY program. Michael declined to provide them. In August, Renaissance hosted a wedding "festival" at the Center which attracted an estimated 1,000—3,000 guests. When it was over, four local men were hospitalized—one had been shot, three had been stabbed, all four had been brutally beaten—the result of a run-in with members of the Diablos motorcycle gang, "invited guests" at the wedding. Following an exchange of words at a local liquor store, more than 15 of the bikers had attacked the unarmed men. *This*, the residents of Gill were convinced, was what Renaissance was all about. *This* was the future which Rapunzel had ordained for their town.

The Renaissance Church of Beauty is an indelicate anachronism: a Day-Glo poster for KISS pasted up among Norman Rockwell originals

"The people up there were bullshit," observed Alvin Oickle, the editor of the *Greenfield Recorder*. "They were taking out gun permits left and right." A few elderly residents, convinced that there would be more violence, moved out temporarily. And at the next town meeting an angry crowd descended on the board of selectmen, demanding that they do something—now. "Can we run them out of town?" a middle-aged man asked in all earnestness. A woman who had driven past the attack with her children implored, "What do I do when the only thing my child talked about for a week was seeing a man with blood streaming over his body?"

The town counsel regretted that the community had little legal recourse.

"Someone has to get killed first," a resident shot back.

Later, at a nearby coffee shop, several townspeople sat eating, and whetting the edge of their rage: "Some day," one of them remarked, "there's going to be a mighty big fire over there . . . of uncertain origin."

It is a serious—perhaps an inescapable—conflict of lifestyles. It was one thing when Easy Rider thundered through town in search of America . . . but now he has dropped the kickstand of his chrome-plated chopper and settled down. He has forced himself on a quaint New England community, but refused to become a part of it. "There's a very real feeling at the Center of *us* against *them*," a former member of the commune explained, "of *us* against the world."

The residents of Gill do not understand Renaissance or Michael Metelica Rapunzel, and Michael and Renaissance

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Daisy: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, teaspoon of grenadine, juice of ½ lemon, ½ teaspoon powdered sugar. Stir contents over ice cubes in highball glass. Add soda water to fill.

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orange juice over ice cu
Fill glass with ginger ale.

Lady Shake: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. Cointreau, ½ oz. lemon juice. Shake well over ice cubes. Strain and serve in cocktail glass.

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Hawaii: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin and 3 ozs. pineapple juice over ice cubes in highball glass. Add cherry.

Dry Martini: 4 or more parts Gordon's Gin, 1 part dry vermouth. Stir well in pitcher over ice. Strain into chilled cocktail glass or over rocks. Option: Add lemon peel twist, olive, pearl onion.

Gin Daiquiri: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, ½ oz. lime juice, ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake well with ice cubes. Strain and serve in cocktail glass or on rocks.

Gin Sour: 1½ ozs. Gordon's Gin, juice of a half lemon, ½ teaspoon sugar. Shake with cracked ice. Strain into chilled sour glass. Add splash of soda. Garnish with orange slice and cherry.

Gimlet: 2 ozs. Gordon's Gin, 1 oz. sweetened lime juice. Stir well over ice. Strain into cocktail glass.

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do not care. "We're not saying we're going to win," observed Pollard. "We're saying that we're going to live like this—regardless of who likes it or not."

Perhaps it is better that way. Perhaps if the "yokels" understood the "hippies" better they would like them even less. They might discover that they have less in common than they imagined. And the anger might explode.

In August Renaissance hosted a wedding festival at the Center. When it was over, four local men were hospitalized ...the result of a run-in with members of the Diablos motorcycle gang, invited guests at the wedding

"Michael freaks the locals out," the ex-member, a principal of Renaissance for more than five years, noted, "but they're freaked out for all the wrong reasons. If they knew what was really going on, they'd be more freaked out than they are now. The philosophy of Renaissance is a mixture of Eastern religions, spiritualism and acid, with a bit of Hell's Angel thrown in.

"Michael," he continued, "is a hypester—he knows all the right words. That's how most members are hooked into the church; they stumble across it, and everything *sounds* so good. They go through an indoctrination period, and then you have them signing away all of their worldly possessions. By the time they realize what's happening, there's no place left to go—because they've signed everything over to the church.

"You know," he hesitated, "I feel rather uneasy talking to people about the Center, because I've read *Helter Skelter*, and I didn't find many dissimilarities . . . except that Michael seems smarter. It seems to me that the type of control Manson had, and that the Reverend Sun Myung Moon has . . . is very similar to the type of control that Michael has over his people. The only difference is the violence—at Renaissance, the violence is *psychological*."

No, perhaps it is best that the citizens of Gill do not know Renaissance better: they would probably not understand. What little they've already seen

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may prove to be too much: for several months, nearly 100 residents of the community have been meeting to discuss the town's "problem"; the meetings, organized by telephone and held in private homes, are as close as Gill comes to a secret society.

"I doubt if they'd want outsiders to know about it," George Terrault, a retired army officer and one of the organizers, explained. "The only thing they're interested in right now is in taking legal action to try to stop these people . . . and get rid of the commune. They're trying to make it a county effort—Gill, Turners Falls and so forth.

"We've already seen several lawyers," he noted. "As long as these people are here, there's going to be a problem. If they decide to lead a decent life, and, y'know, live like most of us, I don't imagine the townspeople would probably say too much. But we feel that the town is too small to cope with rock concerts and festivals or any big influx of outsiders. And we don't want a lot of these outsiders—y'know, the kind of trash that they attract—coming in here at all."

The people of Gill, he said, have drawn the line: no more. Michael is not going to bring the members of New York City gangs into their quiet community; he is not going to bring the 250 members of the Renaissance Church to the 2001 Center.

Michael avers that he will.

"Well, I don't think that could ever happen," Terrault argued. "I don't think the residents would ever let it go that far—to have 250 of *them* here . . . If the people in town couldn't stop it legally, they would do it through other means; now that's just my own opinion, but I definitely think that they would."

Then, perhaps, the sizzling fuse would finally run out: the small, peaceful town would embark on a deadly rampage. It is an improbable scenario, an impossible resolution . . . Except for the fact that, on August 29th, the residents of another small town, a sleepy village on the coast of New Brunswick, Canada, did exactly that; the object of their rage was a motorcycle gang no more abrasive than Renaissance:

> PETIT ROCHER—Citizens of this village of 3,000 persons literally rose up in arms Monday night . . . About 300 village residents, long intimidated by the Daltons Motorcycle Club, engaged in a shoot-out with club members before burning a large clubhouse, two small camps, a pickup truck, and four motorcycles

Rocket's Silver Train buses: The Church's biggest moneymaker, renting to rock stars at $3,000 a week

owned by club members. Two cars and a fifth motorcycle were later destroyed by villagers. . .

The club has been together for seven years, but there was little friction with local residents until two years ago when they allegedly started a fight at the annual Oarsmen's Festival. Since then, they are alleged to have smashed woods camps here and there . . . and generally been a nuisance to the whole region. . .

A 75-foot clubhouse, the gang's headquarters, was burned, as were a trailer, and a cabin owned by the club. Five motorcycles, the pickup truck and the two cars owned by the club were then put to the torch. Gunfire erupted and a dog owned by one of the bikers, attempting to protect his master, was shot by an enraged villager.

When police intervened, someone shot the rear window and tail lights of one of the cruisers. Two RCMP officers suffered wounds from flying glass. Eight women were removed from the camp before the fires began, and the women were later released. . .

"I'm glad that the population of Petit Rocher wasn't hurt last night," Pierre Goudin said. "As mayor, I feel this more heavily than most. I feel it's too bad it happened, but it was the decision of the population. They took action because they had had enough. . .

"All you need to know about Michael," a journalist insists, "is that at the age of 16 he went to the West Coast to become a Hell's Angel and came back a flower child"

"It was nearly like a brush fire," he added.

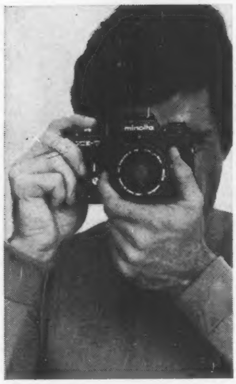
—the Bathurst, New Brunswick, *Tribune*

It was a calm and comfortable Monday evening. Michael Metelica Rapunzel sat at a table in the living room of the Gill house, snacking on fresh popcorn, nursing an ice-cold Heineken. He airily dismissed the possibility of violence. "It's not a threat unless you treat it as a threat," he said.

But his explanation was interrupted by Doug Edson, the stocky ex-marine who sat across from him: "When you were staying out in the barn, I slept in your room for a few nights," Edson told him. "One night, at about 3 a.m., someone unscrewed the hall light in front of your door, and came into your room—crouched down, coming towards your bed. At first, I thought it was someone from the lodge playing a trick. But, when I jumped up and yelled, 'Hey, boy, what you doin' here!' he took off—I chased him out of the house. As we came out the front, lights came on down by the road: a green Malibu. He jumped into it, and off they tore . . . What was in my mind, Michael, was he was going to do you in."

Michael had not heard the story before; he started to speak, but stumbled awkwardly. He had run out of things to say. ●

Eleven questions to ask yourself before buying a 35mm SLR.



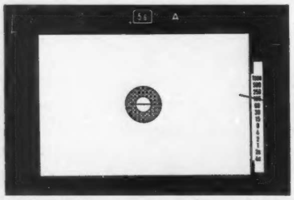
Knowing what to look for now in a 35mm SLR can save you money and prevent problems later on.

1. How much camera do I need? Most manufacturers, including Minolta, offer a tempting array of features. Like interchangeable finders and focusing screens, motorized film winding, self-timers and multiple-exposure capability. If you'll be using them, fine. If not, save yourself some money by cutting out the frills.

2. Is match-needle or electronic auto-exposure control best? Minolta offers both, so our only concern is that you get what's best for you.

Generally a match-needle camera costs less. To set exposure, you line up two needles in the viewfinder. It's easy, fast and accurate, but you do the work. Minolta SR-T match-needle cameras offer a wide variety of features and prices.

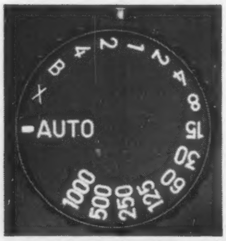
Minolta's newest 35mm SLR's have electronically controlled shutter speeds. So even if the light changes the instant before you shoot, the camera will set itself for correct exposure. Among Minolta's electronic SLR's, you'll find features like interchangeable viewfinders and screens, shutter speeds to 1/2000th of a second and multiple-exposure capability.



3. What should I look for in the viewfinder? First of all, a bright image. So you can see clearly and focus easily. Judge this by comparing several brands under the same light conditions.

Then, exposure information. The more the viewfinder shows, the more you know about how the camera is taking the picture. If this means a lot to you, pay the extra cost. If not, save on a simpler camera.

The important thing about Minolta SLR's is that in every single one, you can compose, focus, set exposure and shoot without ever looking away from the viewfinder. So you won't miss shots of even the fastest-moving subjects.

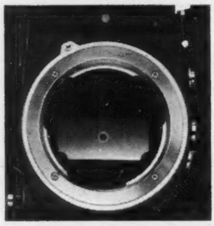


4. What range of shutter speeds do I need? Most picture taking is done at speeds between 1/60th and 1/500th of a second. But to stop very fast action, higher speeds are handy to have. And slower speeds are useful for available-light shooting and spectacular night shots. Depending on the Minolta model, you can get speeds as fast as 1/2000th of a second and as slow as 16 seconds.

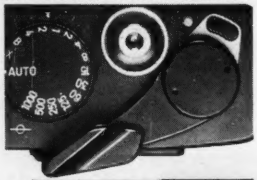
MC ROKKOR-X PG 1:1.4 f=50mm
MINOLTA
LENS MADE IN JAPAN

5. What is a "fast" lens, and do I need one? The more light a lens lets in, the "faster" it is. Faster lenses like an f/1.2 or f/1.4 are more expensive, but nice to have if you do a lot of shooting in dim light.

6. Why is the lens system important? Interchangeable lenses let your camera grow with you. Minolta offers almost 40, from a 7.5mm "fisheye" to a 1600mm super-telephoto. Minolta makes all their own lenses to insure compatibility with Minolta cameras.



7. How fast can I change lenses? You shouldn't have to miss shots. So Minolta developed and patented a bayonet mount that lets you change lenses with less than a quarter turn. And unlike other bayonet mounts, Minolta's doesn't require you to realign f/stops afterwards.



8. How should the camera feel? Solid. Comfortable. Not too big, not too small. Your fingers should fall naturally into place on the controls. Advance the film wind lever. If it feels gritty or rough now, how will it feel after a couple of thousand shots?

9. How should it sound? Press the shutter button. Noisiness means either vibration or inadequate damping of moving parts. Or both. The newest Minolta shutters are a joy to hear because you almost can't hear them at all.

10. How do I judge craftsmanship? Compare. Everything should be tucked in neatly. Finishes should be even and unmarred. No machining marks should be visible, even inside the camera.

minolta
SR-T

11. What is the camera's reputation? Be sure to ask friends about Minolta. Since it's the best-selling imported camera brand in the U.S., chances are someone you know owns one.

minolta
XE-7

And if you'd like literature on Minolta 35mm SLR's, write to Minolta Corp., 101 Williams Drive, Ramsey, N.J. 07446. In Canada: Minolta Camera (Canada), Inc., Ont.

Minolta

The more you know about cameras, the more you'll want a Minolta.

"I stopped going to rock concerts around 1970," a friend said. "I started going to the theatre a lot this year. When I tell people, they say, 'That's funny. I've been going to the theatre a lot too.'"

Bringing the Theatre Back Home

by Terry Curtis Fox

PHOTOGRAPH BY KEN HOWARD

Innaurato's *Gemini*: Italian roots

> BILLY: She was in the movies there for a bit, very big, and married some other guys. Real heavies, lotsa alimony: Joe DiMaggio, you know, Arthur Miller?
>
> JOE: Arthur Miller?
>
> BILLY: Yeah, he was very big.
>
> JOE: Never heard of him.
>
> —Thomas Babe
> *Billy Irish*

In 1968, Thomas Babe quit the theatre. It just didn't seem important enough that year, and Babe, looking at politics like everyone else, decided to be "effective" and go to law school. Four years later Babe sat down and began writing *Kid Champion*.

On a cold wintery day in November, 1972, around the time Babe was once again sitting down at his typewriter, I found myself heading towards the Body Politic, an unimposing building on Lincoln Avenue in Chicago, which is enjoying its brief life as the hotbed of Chicago's new theatre district. In a delusion of grandeur typical of newly energized theatres, the Body Politic has jammed four or five playing areas into the smallest and meanest of these, a room filled with rugs and hard benches. There isn't even a program to tell me who the playwright is, just a placard outside. Instead of a stage, we've a bare area of floor up front with a park bench off to one side.

A couple of actors come out, sit on benches, and talk about ducks. Instead of being bored, I am stunned. Overwhelmed. The language they speak is perfect, the kind of dialogue which delineates character and social standing, telling the actors exactly how they must behave. A slight menace rises and falls like the lake on whose shores the piece is set. While outer-space sounds pound from the room next door, an immediate and visionary experience is unfolding in the tiny space in which I sit. Along with the rest of the audience, I am transfixed. We share with the actors the sense that something very important has begun, the rush which comes from discovery. I check the placard on the way out: the play is *The Duck Variations* and the author David Mamet. I am quite certain I shall hear from him again.

It could have happened anywhere. The theatre, presumed dead by pundits in every middlebrow journal, has returned with a vengeance. While I was watching Mamet's first production in Chicago, William Hauptman, Albert Innaurato, Chris Durang and Jeff Wanshell were writing plays at Yale; David Rabe and Michael Weller were working down in New York at the Public; and Sam Shepard was making his return to the Magic Theatre in San Francisco. While Broadway was gearing up for cannibalization, and Off-Broadway breathing its last, that amorphous beast known as "the American theatre" was entering what will probably be called a Golden Age.

Off-Off Broadway, a "movement" spun out of despair, with little cohesion beyond communal need, started evolving into a dominant force. Along with the regional theatre movement, the nonprofit theatre was creating stages where playwrights who had no appeal for tired businessmen or guardians of the (European) culture could take their wares. And a new audience, sensing something immediate which touched directly on its lives, began seeking out the people on the stage.

> BERNIE: The first time I ever did it was in the woods.
>
> DANNY: That must have been nice.
>
> BERNIE: It was.
>
> DANNY: What woods? Up in Michigan?
>
> BERNIE: No, the Woods Theatre, on Randolph.
>
> (long pause)
>
> DANNY: That's a nice theatre.
>
> —David Mamet
> *Sexual Perversity in Chicago*

"I stopped going to rock concerts around 1970," a friend of mine said. "I don't know why. Then I left the country for awhile, and when I came back I start-

---

Terry Curtis Fox is a theatre critic for the *Village Voice*. His play, *Cops*, opens at the Performing Garage in N.Y.C. in February.

The theatre, presumed dead by pundits in every middle-brow journal, has returned with a vengeance

ed going to the theatre a lot this year. When I tell friends, they say, 'That's funny. I've been going to the theatre a lot too' . . . "

My friend lives in New York, a traditional theatre-going town; but what she described has been happening all over the country. "Louisville," says actor Lenny Baker, "is a great theatre town. When I was there I used to go to this diner for breakfast, and some truck driver would turn around and say, 'Hey, man, you were great in that show last night' . . . "

What seems an unusual response to a relatively unknown actor becomes even more startling a response to a young playwright; and yet . . . There are David Mamet fans in Seattle and John Guare followers in Lake Forest, Illinois. Chris Durang has become notorious through productions that have played almost everywhere *except* New York. Sam Shepard's and Michael McClure's new productions play San Francisco first; the Bay area even has its own slick, theatre magazine. In Minneapolis, where Tyrone Guthrie founded a Thames-on-the-Mississippi, the anti-Guthrie coalition became so powerful that the Guthrie started an alternative theatre of its own.

America has spouted a de facto national theatre. At a time when rock is a commercial—not a cultural—force, when American film is devoted to minimum product and maximum saturation, the personal voices of new young playwrights are being heard. People are attracted to the theatre today as they were to bar bands in the sixties: it's a place for direct contact with performers speaking the vigorous language of the age.

WESTON: What's he look like?
WESLEY: Ordinary. Like a crook.
—Sam Shepard
Curse of the Starving Class

In the sixties, when Britain supposedly ruled the stage, two new American theatres began to emerge. One was performance-based, spawned largely by the exiled Living Theatre and best exemplified by former Living Theatre actor Joseph Chaikin's Open Theatre. Performance theatre blurred the distinctions between playwrights and performers; and while it was hardly writerless (Jean-Claude van Italie, Megan Terry and Susan Yankowitz all wrote for Chaikin), plays were written for a specific group of actors at a specific time, and work was developed within the context of performance. (In the seventies, "play" was reborn as a "piece." Writers and directors became one—Lee Breuer, as poet, wrote scripts which Lee Breuer directed for Mabou Mimes; Richard Foreman for ten years performed nothing but pieces he himself conceived; Robert Wilson's function as writer and director became so intertwined as to be indistinguishable.)

The late Joe Cino surveying his domain

During the evolution of performance theatre, a second new American theatre (which was, indeed, a theatre of playwrights) began to take root around the Caffe Cino in New York. Unlike the performance-oriented theatre, the playwrights at the Cino were not segregated from mainstream houses by radical aesthetic design, merely economic realities: nobody with money wanted to produce their plays. At places like the Cino, people could literally wander in—as Lanford Wilson did—see a show and, after not too long a wait, have one produced. There was no remuneration for this work, just a hat passed around after the performance. John Guare's father came down to the Cino one night, suggested that his son write a Broadway hit and then come back to the Cino to produce. John laughed. He was quite convinced, as were the rest of the crowd, that Broadway would never see his stuff. A few years later—thanks to Joe Papp and William Shakespeare—Guare had a Broadway hit, an adaptation of *Two Gentlemen from Verona*. But by then Joe Cino was dead, and Guare, along with Shepard, Wilson and many others, had other places to work.

If Off-Broadway had continued to exist, the cafes and lofts that nurtured these new playwrights would probably have never been much more than a spawning ground, a place where writers' first work was performed before being picked up by commercial theatres. It seems ludicrous, now, that writers as conventional as Lanford Wilson or Israel Horovitz were ever considered avant-garde. Many of the Cino playwrights simply needed a bit of time to make their names known. But when that time passed, Off-Broadway was no longer waiting.

Off-Broadway died of terminal money. Producers always regarded it as an incubator for "talent" (getcha young actors here!) or as an alternative to Broadway fare, although the "alternative" was more likely to be a revival, a Pinter or a Genet than anything by an American unknown. What producers didn't stress was that Off-Broadway, with a very few exceptions, existed to make money, and managed to do so by exploiting the people who worked there: You want a career in the theatre, kid? Work here for next to nothing and in a few years you'll get to Broadway.

Sooner or later, someone was bound to object. Production costs rose steadily, and with them, ticket prices. It was soon cheaper to sit in many parts of a Broadway house than it was to see an Off-Broadway show. By the time Actors' Equity struck Off-Broadway in 1970 (they were asking for actors to get a minimum of a hundred dollars a week), it had already outpriced its audience.

In 1970, Tom Eyen, author of *Why Hanna's Skirt Won't Stay Down* and other camp comedies, held a mass for the death of Off-Broadway. Equity picketed the church. "It was the first time I ever crossed a picket line," recalls Bob Moss, head of Playwrights Horizons and president of the Off Off Broadway Alliance. "I mean, how can you picket a church? Besides, as it turned out, Tom was right."

Today, Moss is the Great White Hope of 42nd Street. Instead of guiding angels towards big hits a few blocks uptown, he balances government agencies, private foundations and unions in an attempt to keep Off-Off Broadway alive by moving theatres into the block between 9th and 10th avenues.

"As the theatres which used to house Off-Broadway become economically unviable," Moss says, "the only thing to do with them is turn them over to nonprofit groups. Look at the Circle Rep, occupying what used to be the Sheridan Square Playhouse, once a stalwart of Off-Broadway. Off-Off Broadway, as I keep having to tell Equity, is not about making money. We're devel-

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED W. McDARRAH

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AGE: 34

PROFESSION: Architect, solar expert

HOBBIES: Photography, writing, scuba diving.

MOST MEMORABLE BOOK: "The Art of Walt Disney" by Christopher Finch

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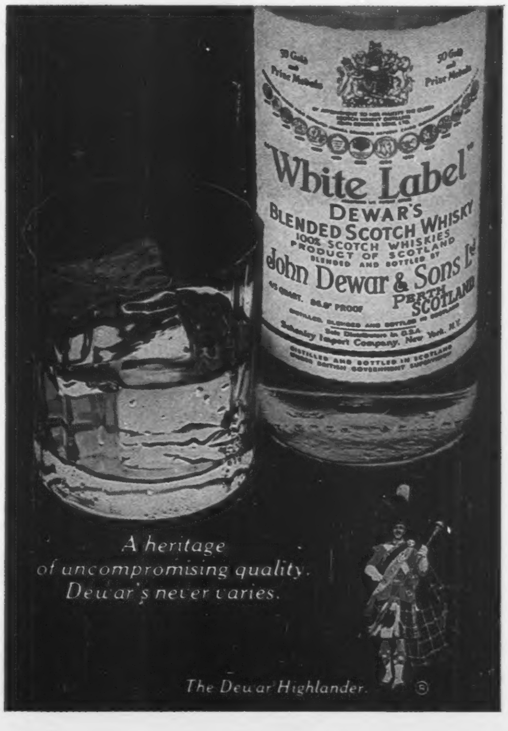
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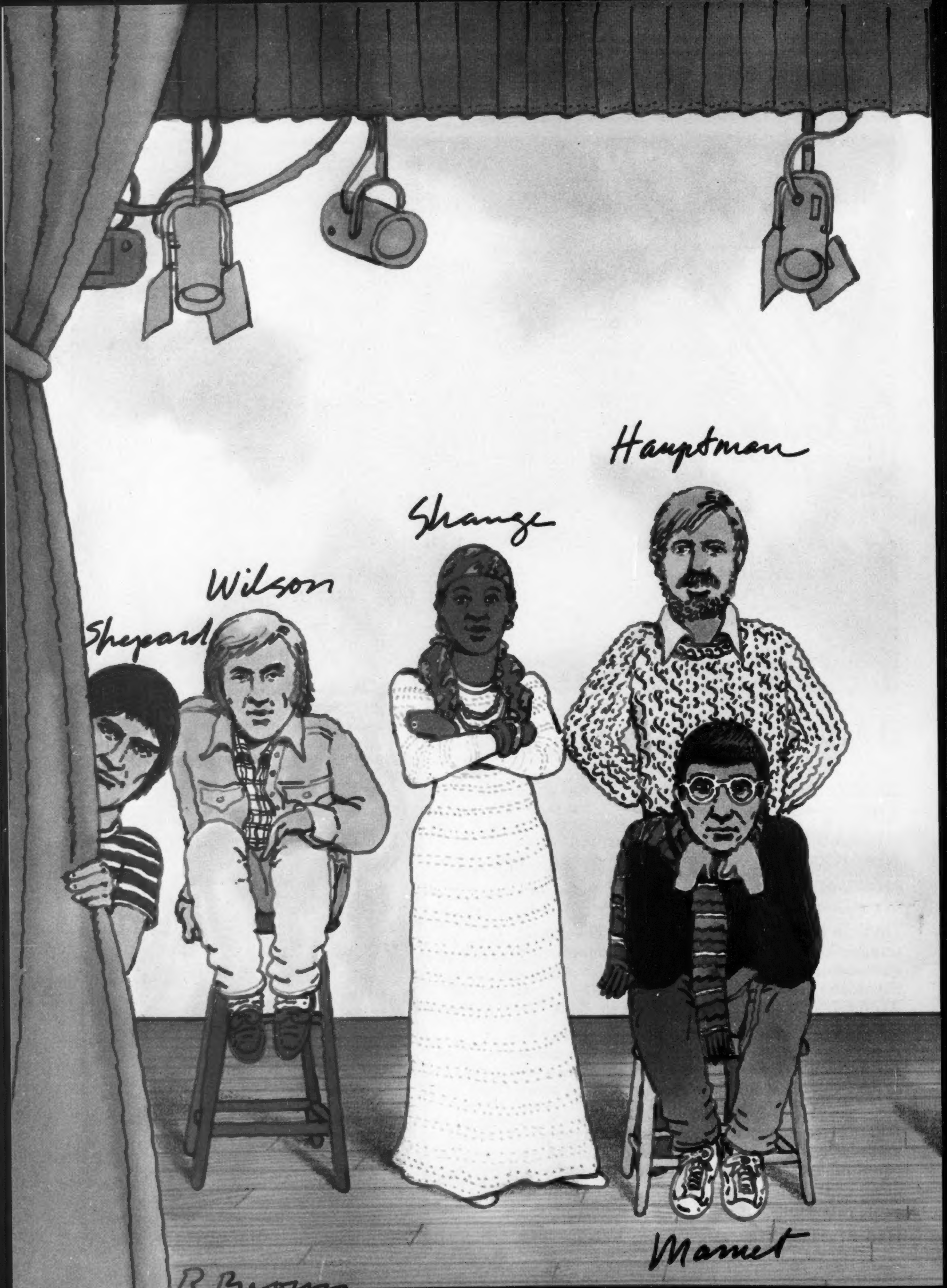
Hauptman
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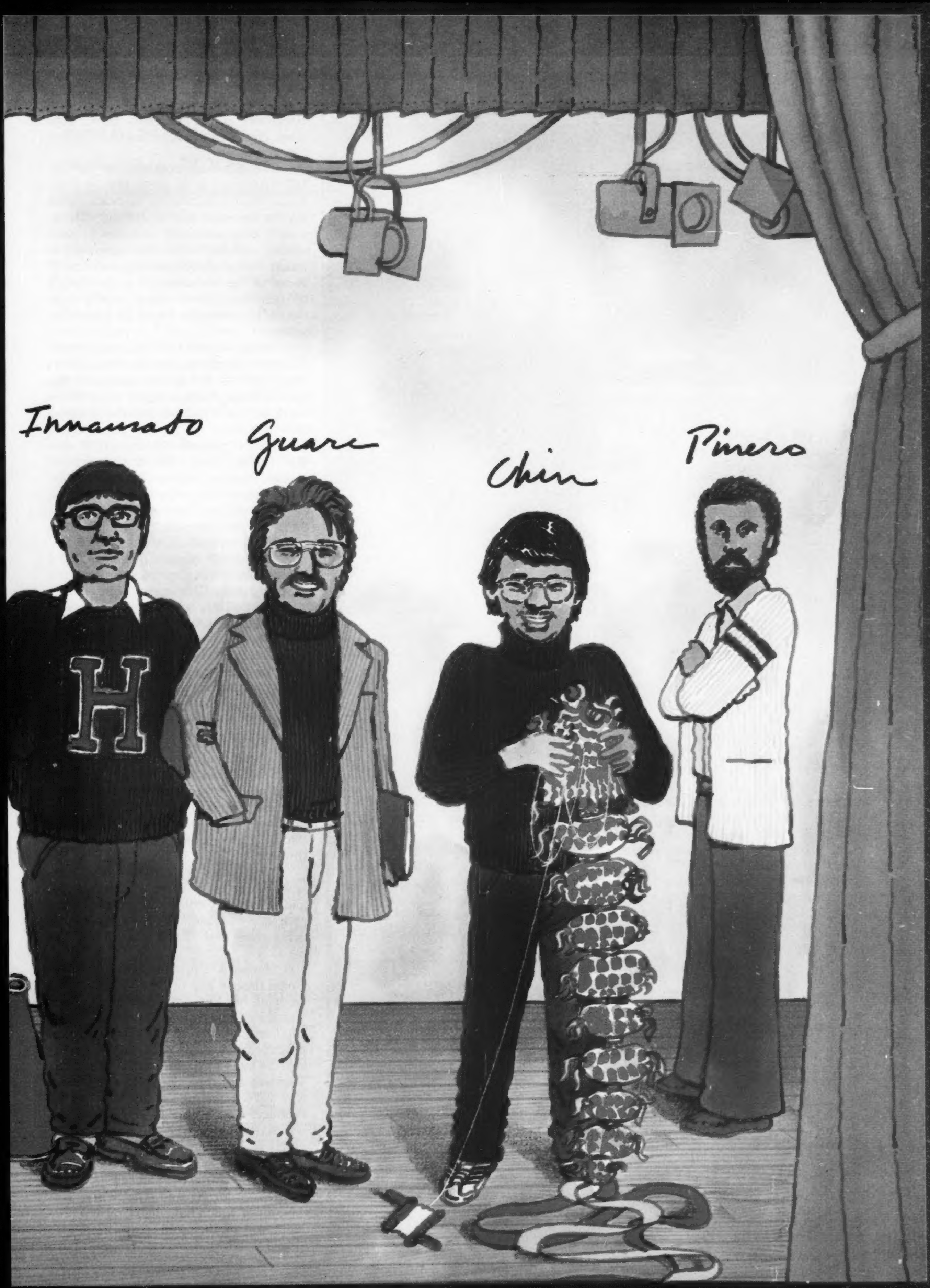

Innaurato
Guare
Chin
Pinero

opmental theatres, regional theatres in Manhattan.

"There are people who feel lost on Broadway at the Majestic. Here, your clap, your laugh, can be heard. You feel like you count."

The personal commitment to Off-Off Broadway is so great that in 1975, when Equity attempted to crack down on the rampant use of freebie "showcase" contracts, the members, in a stormy and emotional meeting, voted to retain their work-for-nothing situation. It is one of the few moments in the history of American labor when a fully-conscious membership voted to exploit itself.

Moss, whose theatre owes its continued existence to that meeting, knows what Off-Off Broadway means to the current crop of playwrights. Some of the work he has produced, like the structuralist dialogues of Steven Shea, could never exist outside the nonprofit theatre. Other plays, like the very mainstream *Vanities*, now produced in almost every major city in the country, and Albert Innaurato's *Gemini*, the surprise hit of Broadway, owe their continued existence to an Off-Off start.

"We are," Moss says, sitting in a fourth-hand dressing-room chair, "a shopping center."

> DON: The guy, he's married. I mean, (I don't know. We think he's married. They got two names on the bell.) Anyway, he's living with this chick, they go in together, they come out together.
>
> TEACH: What the hell.
>
> —David Mamet
> *American Buffalo*

"Fifteen years ago," David Mamet says, "you could either bring your play to a producer or agent, neither of whom could *read*, or you could go to an amateur community theatre. All the producers who read *American Buffalo* said, 'Nothing happens. People won't sit through it.'

"Producers preferred to fly to England, where the theatre was subsidized, and where they could see something and pick up a package, which was cheaper to bring over than doing a production of their own."

Mamet is a product both of the regional theatre and of Off-Off Broadway. Both of his hits—the double bill *Duck Variations* and *Sexual Perversity in Chicago* and *American Buffalo*—were first produced in Chicago (*Sexual Perversity* at the Organic, *Buffalo* at the Goodman Theatre) and then done Off-Off Broadway before finding commercial homes. Producers were able to see the shows, watch the audience react—even read the reviews—before putting any money in.

The current season's Mamet selection includes three old plays—*Life in the Theatre*, *Squirrels* and *The Water Engine*, all of which have had Chicago productions—another old play, *Reunion*,

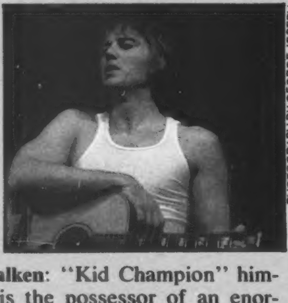
The New Stars

The new stars of the theatre are also the new faces of film; some of these actors may already be recognizable from the movies.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE JOSEPH

Ed Herrmann: Ed Herrmann has the odd misfortune of being a natural American aristocrat in a theatre which has few aristocratic parts. Born in the Midwest, Herrmann keeps getting cast as the prototypical Easterner—in Michael Weller's *Moonchildren* and in the original *Pavlo Hummel*. Now he's Lou Gehrig on TV.

Lindsay Crouse: Tough is sexy. Lindsay Crouse has developed a personal, intelligent style which she brings to all her roles, including a large one in Joan Micklin Silver's movie, *Between the Lines*. She can currently be seen in David Mamet's *Squirrels* at Yale.



PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE JOSEPH

Chris Walken: "Kid Champion" himself, he is the possessor of an enormous store of manic energy, one of the hallmarks of the current generation of American males. Walken is astonishingly explosive and even more terrifying when he holds it back. If Bogart hadn't turned Sam Spade into a brunette, Walken would explain to the world just what "blond Satan" means.

Swoosie Kurtz: Swoosie Kurtz comes on like the All-American (or, when called for, All-British) girl going over the edge, all intelligence and tension, a perfect combination for the ambivalent roles she gets to play.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE JOSEPH

John Cazale: A dark, brooding presence, John Cazale haunts any play he is in. He is a master of undercurrent, an actor who always seems to possess a little more than he shows. Remember him in *Godfather II* and *Dog Day Afternoon*.

Lenny Baker: The prototypical regional theatre actor, Lenny Baker travelled everywhere a good role was at hand. He achieved Broadway stardom in a cheap and uninteresting musical, and a niche in the cinema via *Next Stop Greenwich Village*, but don't let that fool you. Baker has done fine "new play" work in the past and will almost certainly do more.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE JOSEPH

Meryl Streep: In one New York season, Meryl Streep established herself as the next Great American Actress: *smart* as well as beautiful. Before New York, she went to Yale, appearing in plays by Durang, Innaurato, Hauptman and Jeff Wanshell.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY GEORGE JOSEPH

Like his contemporaries, Chris Durang draws heavily upon American myth, but he attacks it with a scalpel. It is as if "*Saturday Night Live*" suddenly emerged with the guts of the original *National Lampoon*

which will be done at Yale, and a major new work, *The Woods*, which Mamet is trying out at the St. Nicholas Theatre, his current Chicago base, before braving the New York stage.

Mamet's continued association with Chicago is not just a matter of sentiment or economics. Like William Hauptman, who continues to write about the southwest, and Albert Innaurato, who frequently writes about South Philadelphia, Mamet's original home remains his favorite locale. His attention to details of speech marks him as a regional writer. He hears the way Chicagoans talk, and it is this very specific vocal pattern he reproduces on stage.

But like the best of writers with a regional base, Mamet uses Chicago to talk about things which pertain to the country as a whole. The "sexual perversity" of single people in bars is hardly a midwestern phenomenon. *American Buffalo* may be set in a particular Chicago junk shop, but the theme of the play—the betrayal of friendship in pursuit of money—is universal.

The dazzlingly precise dialogue, the regional detail and the extremely precise subcultures are the underpinnings for Mamet's discussion of American myth.

"What else," he says, "is there to write about? Face it, the kitchen drama is dead."

LUCILLE: I'll just pick out of your plate.

—Albert Innaurato
Gemini

Albert Innaurato could dispute Mamet's contention. *Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie* is the ultimate kitchen drama, in which Benno, fat son of an expanded nuclear family, eats himself to death. A lot of *Benno* takes place in the kitchen, just as most of *Gemini*, another Innaurato play, takes place in the backyards of two South Philly houses where the kitchen is never far away.

"I don't think of myself as a family dramatist," Innaurato says. "It's just *Benno* and *Gemini*. *Ulysses in Traction*, which Circle Rep is doing this winter, is about a university theatre during a race riot."

Innaurato gets upset when people describe his work as autobiographical. "I write with a lot of emotional commitment," he says, "so people always assume I'm writing about my life. *Gemini* isn't the least bit autobiographical. When my family came to see it they were relieved to discover they didn't recognize themselves. When people see the TV show I've just written, they'll probably assume I'm a 41-year-old English writer."

***Streamers*: Papp kept it off Broadway**

Like Mamet, Innaurato stays close to his ethnic roots. "I think that's one of the reasons people who don't ordinarily go to the theatre come to *Gemini*. We feel we are out of touch with our backgrounds. I don't know any other "Italian-Americans" or any other type of "ethnic" for that matter. We don't live in neighborhoods anymore—we all live in renovated white apartments with dirty kitchen floors."

Innaurato is also like Mamet in that his structural models are musical, not narrative. When he recently was assigned to write a Broadway show about Elvis ("I shouldn't say this, but the closest I've ever come to pop music was Leontyne Price singing *Porgy and Bess*"), Innaurato dove back into his operatic models. "I told Patricia Birch, who's doing the choreography, that I don't want to do something we'll be ashamed of. There's something larger than life about Elvis, which has to do with America in Hysteria—his laying on of hands, his bringing fans to a sensual abandon in a quasi-mythical religious context. He is a kind of operatic figure."

This combination of American subject and operatic perspective is Innaurato's greatest strength, perhaps the reason for his popular success. "I always work from an image which seems *extraordinarily* rich," he says. "Structure comes later."

FLOYD: One thing was good—driving. When you were moving down the road, in the heat; and somewhere way out in front of you, you could see that water shining on the road. Those silver puddles where the centerline hits the horizon . . . But before you got there, they were always gone. They were the best thing—and they weren't even real.

—William Hauptman
Domino Courts

If Innaurato writes with the frenetic Catholic intensity of an urban Italian, William Hauptman writes with the flat, laconic accent of the southwest. Hauptman's plays are characteristically filled with dust and heat—a metaphoric landscape on which his characters can be found.

Like Sam Shepard, an acknowledged influence, Hauptman writes in direct confrontation with American myth. His plays are kinds of western *films-noirs* (Nicholas Ray ranks among his favorite filmmakers) about people who believe they should, somehow, embody screen myths: the high school kids of *Heat* try to find a way to live at the extreme and find existential salvation; the gangsters of *Domino Courts*—disguised as Clark Gable and Fred Astaire—rob banks; *The Durango Flash* is about a Texas oil field worker who comes west during the depression and ends up wielding a whip in perverted cowboy films.

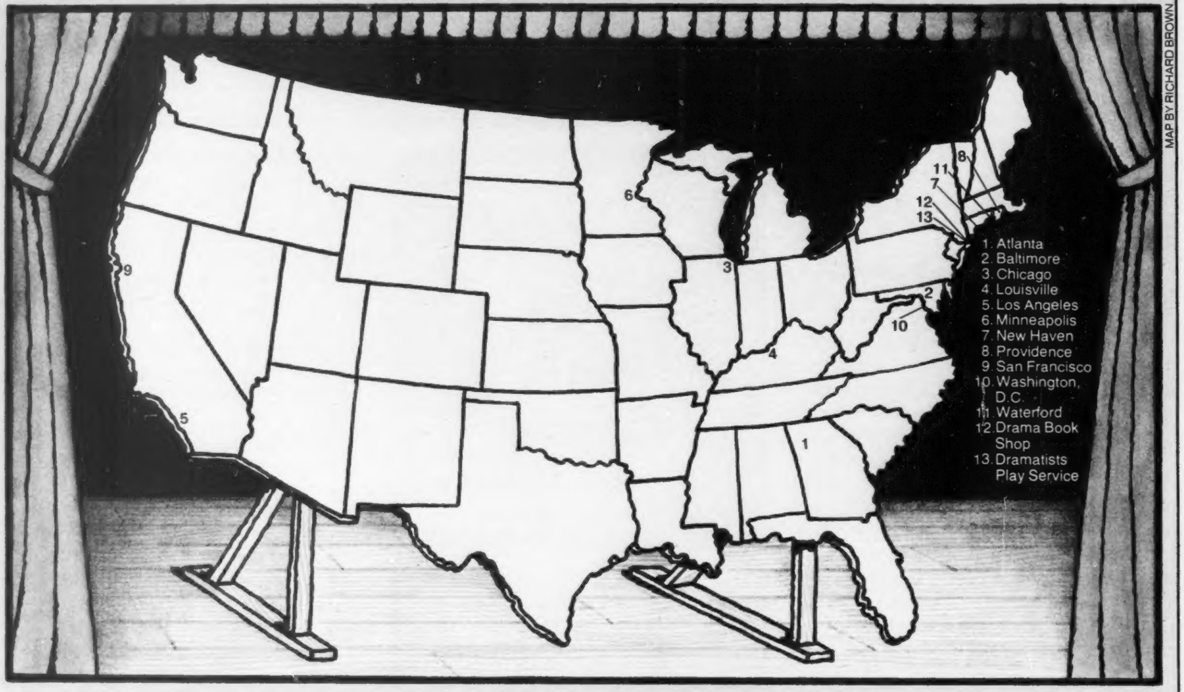
It is Hauptman's great gift to perceive both the power and beauty of the myth and its attendant traps. His style is similarly made up of the found poetry of American dialogue; his people are forever saying what they think they should say, then revealing what is true for themselves.

Like Shepard, Hauptman is something of a litmus test. One either immediately grasps everything he is trying to do and responds viscerally, or remains baffled. One thus baffled was Englishman Clive Barnes (then drama critic for the *New York Times*), who devastated *Domino Courts* when it opened at the American Place Theatre last season.

"The problem with Off-Off Broadway," says the American Place Theatre's artistic director, Wynn Handman, "is that it gives the theatre back to the critics." Handman tends to be a bit hysterical on the subject of critics; he cooperated with playwrights (Shepard among them) who wanted to ban the press from the house, and devised a subscription-only policy to protect his writers from critical blasts, a policy he finally abandoned when his students told him young people would not buy a block of tickets six months in advance no matter what the price.

PHOTOGRAPH BY GEORGE JOSEPH

The New Theatre Turf



MAP BY RICHARD BROWN

Where to See It

Atlanta: The Alliance Theatre, like many institutional houses, mixes standard repertory with new fare not too offensive for a subscription crowd.

Baltimore: The institutional theatre, Center Stage, does a minimum of new work; the Corner Theatre, recently expanded, is devoted to current work; the Baltimore Theatre Project nurtures local talent.

Chicago: The Goodman has been interesting mainly for its Stage 2, but great things are expected now that its director inherits the main stage. The Organic Theater is devoted to popular, indigenous work, ranging from science fiction to David Mamet. Mamet's current Chicago home, the St. Nicholas Theater, does new scripts from around the country.

Louisville: The Actors Theatre of Louisville proves not all Kentucky is the sticks. There's a mixture here of standard and new plays on the main stage, with a showcase series besides.

Los Angeles: The Mark Taper Forum has most L.A. theatre sewn up, both in its main-stage productions (David Rudkin's *Ashes* received its American premiere here and Michael Cristofer's *Shadow Box* was developed under Gordon Davidson's direction) and in its Lab division, which provides many American playwrights with space and time to write as well as perform. Mainstream playwright Oliver Hailey has been adding to the L.A. scene with US, a theatre group exclusively devoted to readings of new work.

Minneapolis: The Guthrie Theater has recently changed artistic directors, and this bodes well for new plays. Having revived its own counter theatre, Guthrie 2, good space as well as good intentions are available. The Cricket Theatre regularly produces Lanford Wilson and David Rabe. The interracial Mixed Blood Theatre ranges from Larraine Hansbury to Ed Bullins, as well as previously unperformed scripts. The Walker Arts Center is one of the most important performance-theatre stops in the country.

New Haven: The old tryout town is the new tryout town. The Long Wharf Theatre, where Mike Nichols developed David Rabe's *Streamers*, has become a regular pre-New York stop. The Yale Rep, Yale Drama's production arm, is a major showcase for current playwrighting talent, having produced new plays by Durang, Hauptman and Mamet, among others.

Providence, R.I.: The Trinity Square Repertory Theatre, under the direction of Adrian Hall, frequently develops new American plays.

San Francisco: The American Conservatory Theatre, San Francisco's institutional theatre, gets a lot of press, but the real action is at the Magic Theatre, which Sam Shepard and Michael McClure call home. The Eureka Theatre is not as exclusively devoted to new work, but interesting nonetheless. There's also a growing Asian-American theatre movement in the Bay Area, centered around the Asian-American Theatre Workshop and the Asian-American Performing Ensemble.

Washington, D.C.: Zelda Fichandler, of the Arena Stage, is one of the leaders of the regional theatre movement who has always sprinkled her repertory with new work. The Kennedy Center has also been active providing pre-Broadway space as well as thoroughly original productions. The New Playwrights' Theatre is self-explanatory.

Waterford, Conn.: The O'Neill Playwrights Conference is a summer workshop where many new scripts get their first productions. It is considered the most important one in the country—agents and producers regularly arrive looking for talent. You can get in free during the week, and for a nominal charge on weekends.

Where to Buy It

Drama Book Shop (150 W. 52nd St., New York) is the best source of scripts in the country—they know what's in, out and scheduled for print and what can be found in an acting edition as well as a commercial one. A great place to browse, they also mail.

Dramatists Play Service (440 Park Ave. South, New York) and **Samuel French** (25 W. 45th St., New York and 7623 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood), the main purveyors of acting scripts, will send you scripts directly if you are a theatre. They will also arrange for amateur rights.

While it may not be powerful enough to justify Handman's hysteria, the influence of the *New York Times* remains enormous. A play can live years in a regional theatre, reach New York, get panned and die. When it comes to getting money from government agencies, or getting plays into printed form—something that can spark future productions—those pans hurt. Handman's best productions, from *The Old Glory* to *Domino Courts*, have been panned. By the same token, someone like Mamet, who received mixed reviews at best in his home town, discovered after a *Times* rave that everyone in Chicago was suddenly enchanted with his work.

Clive Barnes was no help to the young American playwrights. He wasn't vicious; he simply did not understand their work. The myths meant nothing to Barnes, and when confronted with anything but the most straightforward naturalistic style he became utterly confused. Even with the best intentions, Barnes' reign reinforced the theatre-party sensibility; Broadway became Drury Lane West.

Whether Barnes' successor, Richard Eder, will be markedly different is a matter of great debate in theatrical circles. Certainly Eder is more congenial towards the young American playwrights than Barnes could ever be; and in a year when a bumper crop of American plays by young playwrights is scheduled for Broadway, a lot of money is staked on Eder nodding favorably in their direction.

> Loretta: I want Shanty Town. I want it to be raining and for you to sing that song, and for The End sign to come down and then we can stay frozen behind it forever.
>
> Jimmy: You can't have that, kid.
>
> Loretta: Can I drink?
>
> Jimmy: No more.
>
> Loretta: Can we go to the movies, then?
>
> Jimmy: Not now. How'd ya like to go to a really bad opera?
>
> —Chris Durang
> *History of the American Film*

One of the people whose fate may rest on Eder's shoulders is Chris Durang. Constantly cited as one of the rising young playwrights, Durang has never had a successful New York production. His entire career has been built on productions at the Yale Rep, the O'Neill Playwrights Conference and, last year, consecutive productions of *American Film* at the Mark Taper Forum in L.A., the Arena Stage in Washington, D.C. and the Hartford Stage Company. Now *American Film* is finally scheduled for Broadway.

Like his contemporaries, Durang draws heavily upon American myth. *American Film* actually is a brief history of the medium from Griffith to *Jaws* (it even changes from black and white to

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"If Off-Broadway still existed," Papp says, "playwrights would be able to make a living off their work. Sam Shepard would not have to come to me and borrow a thousand dollars because he was broke"

color midway through). But Durang does not draw on myth for its poetic property: he attacks it with a satiric scalpel. It is as if *Saturday Night Live* suddenly emerged with the guts of the original *National Lampoon* and the sustained rancor of British playwright Joe Orton, Durang's ominous, black humor model.

"Sure," Durang says, "I would like to write *Saturday Night*, but I like writing plays more. With a play you control what you're doing. There has to be a way of putting pieces together so they add up."

> RABBIT: What about me?
> WHEELER: What are you?
> RABBIT: AN ARTIST!
> *(Wheeler starts laughing maniacally)*
> RABBIT: YOU'RE THE PRODUCER, AND I'M THE ARTIST!
> *(Wheeler laughs harder)*
> —Sam Shepard
> *Angel City*

"You want to know what is happening in American playwrighting," Joe Papp says. "Nothing is happening in American playwrighting. What *is* happening in playwrighting will not play on Broadway. My most successful straight play (*That Championship Season*) was also the most conventional I've done. I deliberately did not take *Streamers* to Broadway, because it would have *died* on Broadway. Instead, I ran it in the Mitzi Newhouse (the small, Off-Broadway-sized theatre at Lincoln Center) for a year and lost $50,000." With faint disgust, Papp gestures to Broadway's new hit, *The Shadow Box.*

Shadow Box looks like a new American play. It was first produced by the Mark Taper Forum in Los Angeles, then performed at the Long Wharf Theatre in New Haven, before moving to Broadway and the Pulitzer Prize. But, as Robert Brustein, dean of Yale Drama and second only to Papp in his collection of young talent, notes, *Shadow Box* could be the work of Arthur Miller. Michael Cristofer's play has a Big Theme, which it discusses in a Serious Tone, without really frightening the audience. An actor himself, Cristofer wrote a series of virtuoso roles, and in Gordon Davidson's brilliant production, the force of the acting obliterated the deficiencies of the script.

In earlier times, *Shadow Box* would have almost certainly been produced. Its regional theatre run was a replacement for the traditional pre-Broadway tryout, a route which even musicals are beginning to take. It is as if commercial productions had abandoned all but the final steps, leaving even the most conventional playwrights dependent upon grants, movie deals and nonprofit productions.

"If Off-Broadway still existed," Papp says, "playwrights would be able to make a living off their work. Sam Shepard would not have to come to me and borrow a thousand dollars because he was broke. Right now, we are the only place in-between Off-Off Broadway and Broadway. We are *besieged* by theatres who want to move their work.

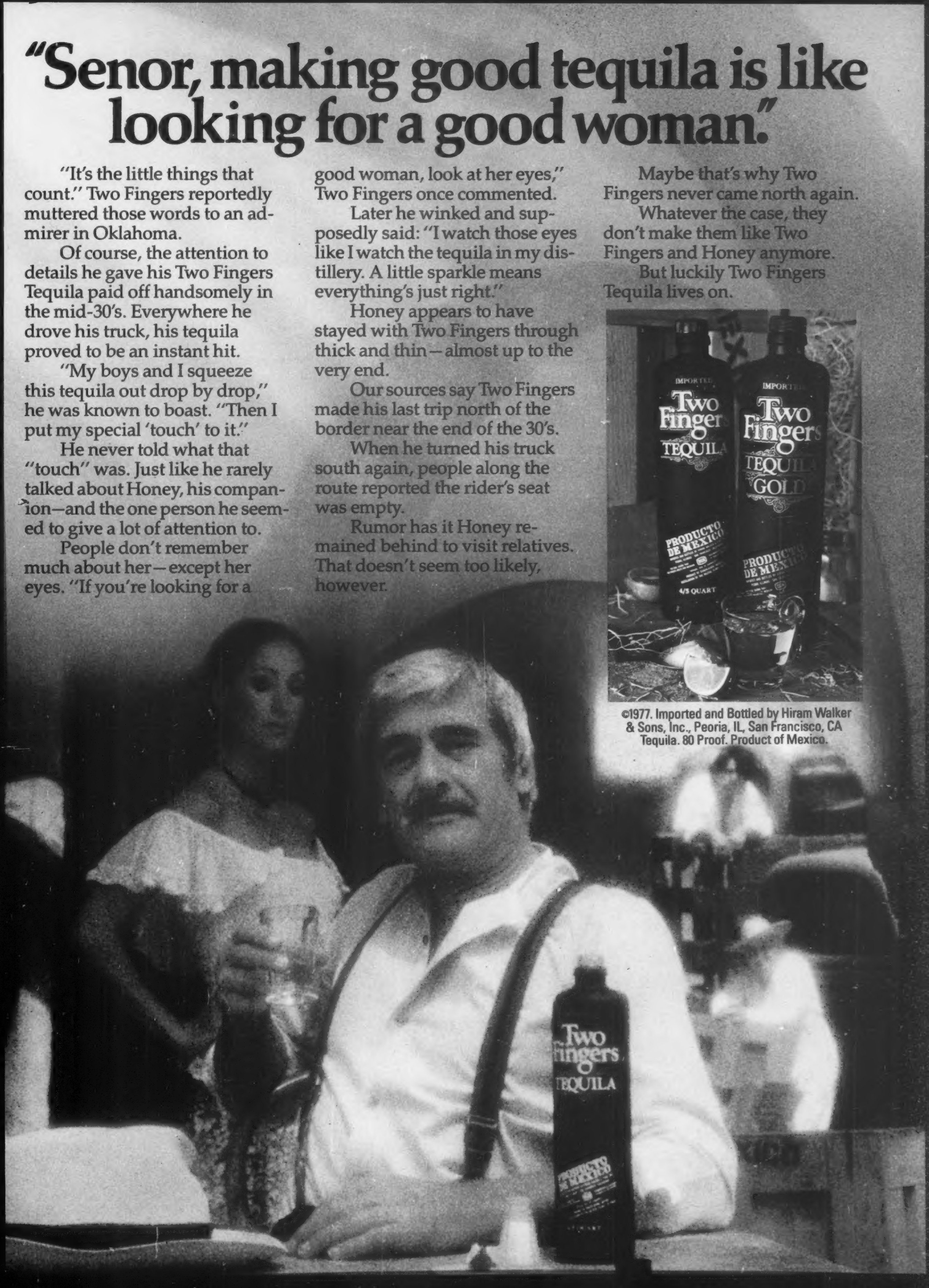
"People keep asking me what has happened to playwrighting in the past ten years. I don't know. The one thing I began to notice was the emergence of scripts without a visible morality. The first time I read *The Basic Training of Pavlo Hummel* I didn't know what to think. Was this guy for the war, against the war? Was Pavlo Hummel a Puerto Rican?" With Miquel Pinero, Papp was pretty certain he had a Puerto Rican, but then what does one make of the morality of *Short Eyes*, in which the innocent are guilty and the guilty are guilty too?

Papp is not always the best early judge of talent—he's missed first time around from Shepard to Mamet. But when he does commit himself to a playwright, it is with the fervor of a father towards an adopted child. Papp's parental feelings towards his writers are so well known that Shepard came to Papp and said, "I hear you're into father-son plays. Will you commission me to write one?" Papp said yes, and the result was *Curse of the Starving Class*, Shepard's best work since *Tooth of Crime*. Papp will do anything to protect his successful charges, like John Guare and David Rabe, and he will do the same for people like Thomas Babe and Wallace Sheen, who have not yet had the breakthrough success other Papp writers achieved.

"Sure," Papp says, "I've got a number of playwrights on payroll. It's no solution—they should be able to make money off their work. Only in this profession are people expected to sacrifice for *years* while doing their work. Why the theatre survives astounds me. The people who keep it alive are those who act, those who write plays. It will always be something special," Papp says with a sigh. Then he leans forward, his instinct getting the better of his ennui. "But I'm sure we can get the numbers increased." ●

The 1977 Obies: Gilda's parody of a Mamet character was in the highlight

PHOTOGRAPH BY FRED W. McDARRAH



"Senor, making good tequila is like looking for a good woman."

"It's the little things that count." Two Fingers reportedly muttered those words to an admirer in Oklahoma.

Of course, the attention to details he gave his Two Fingers Tequila paid off handsomely in the mid-30's. Everywhere he drove his truck, his tequila proved to be an instant hit.

"My boys and I squeeze this tequila out drop by drop," he was known to boast. "Then I put my special 'touch' to it."

He never told what that "touch" was. Just like he rarely talked about Honey, his companion—and the one person he seemed to give a lot of attention to.

People don't remember much about her—except her eyes. "If you're looking for a good woman, look at her eyes," Two Fingers once commented.

Later he winked and supposedly said: "I watch those eyes like I watch the tequila in my distillery. A little sparkle means everything's just right."

Honey appears to have stayed with Two Fingers through thick and thin—almost up to the very end.

Our sources say Two Fingers made his last trip north of the border near the end of the 30's.

When he turned his truck south again, people along the route reported the rider's seat was empty.

Rumor has it Honey remained behind to visit relatives. That doesn't seem too likely, however.

Maybe that's why Two Fingers never came north again.

Whatever the case, they don't make them like Two Fingers and Honey anymore.

But luckily Two Fingers Tequila lives on.

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Liquid Protein: Drink It and Die . . . t/By Judith Hennessee

Food

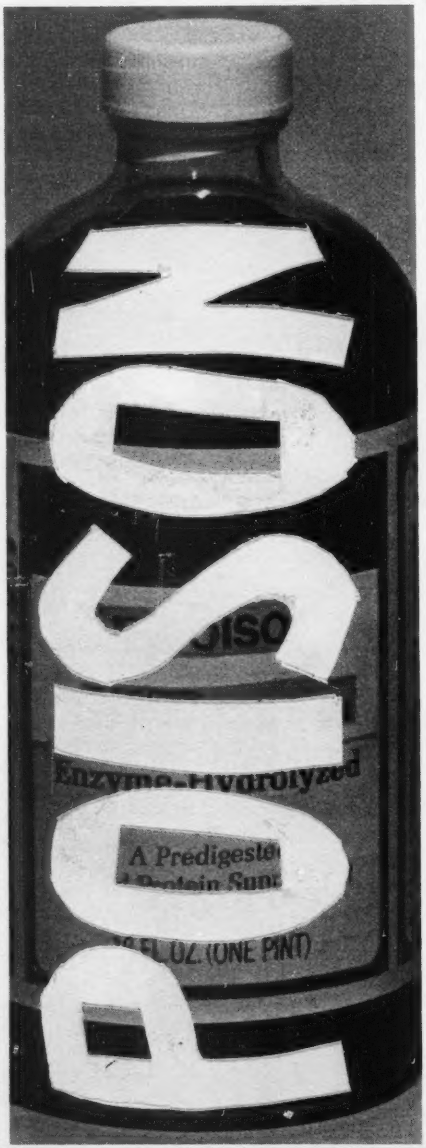
Our perennial quest for slimness has most recently produced a dreadful smelling and worse tasting concoction which is composed mainly of predigested collagen, a gelatin obtained from animal hides, tendons and bones. Developed at Mt. Sinai Hospital in Cleveland and at Harvard, and commercialized by Dr. Robert Linn in his book, *The Last Chance Diet*, liquid protein is sold over the counter in drug stores under a number of brand names such as Gro-Lean, Slim-Fast and Rock Honey's Mr. Universe.

The regimen, a modified fast, consists of drinking about 8 ounces of liquid protein a day (which equals 300 calories) plus 1½-2 quarts of water and taking vitamin and mineral supplements. There are no drugs, no injections and, especially, no food to worry about. During a total fast, the body burns stored fat and protein for energy. The protein, or "lean body mass," comes from muscle tissue where the body can ill afford to lose it; hence, the liquid protein diet, which is based on the principle of saving protein, protects the body from cannibalizing too much of itself. The body also produces ketones, which compete with urea to get to the kidneys for excretion. They usually win, resulting in a buildup of uric acid, an excess of which is a main cause of kidney stones and gout. Drinking the water prevents the buildup. The vitamin and mineral supplements are to stay alive.

There are reports that a number of people who undertook the regime without consulting a doctor had to be hospitalized for mineral deficiencies. Even under supervision, occasional side effects crop up. Some people have reported a sensation not unlike morning sickness during the early stages of the diet. A former Linn patient got scurvy in the middle of the fast. "They didn't catch it," she said. "I had to go to my dentist to be treated." Another was hospitalized with gout. "We do a uric acid test every two weeks," Linn said. "It's no problem." Still another former patient of Linn began blacking out. She had low blood pressure, but Linn failed to warn her that the diet might be dangerous in her case. She never went back to Linn; Linn never called to check up on her. Finally, the woman's own doctor explained that her low blood pressure was aggravated by liquid protein.

At least 12 people are known to have died from the diet; the FDA, whose only quarrel with liquid protein had been that it was sold over the counter, is currently investigating their deaths.

The diet also has some welcome side effects. A Stamford, Connecticut, doctor, Mel Forman, observed that the blood pressure of 95 percent of his hypertense patients went *down* to normal. The level of triglyceride (a fat in the blood linked to heart disease) also became normal. Cholesterol levels frequently go down, but not necessarily because of the diet—there are too many other complex factors which regulate them.



Whatever its dangers, the diet certainly works. On 300 calories a day, one can scarcely avoid losing weight. Having lost it, one moves into the maintenance stage. Linn provides a diet, consisting mostly of lean meats and vegetables, to be followed for the rest of one's life. People who start gaining are supposed to stop eating for a few days. The cost of Linn's program is $110 for the first visit, which includes a physical examination and an electrocardiogram, plus $65 for lab fees and $20 for a chest x-ray. After that, it's $60 a week, including the liquid protein and supplements.

"I think paying for it helps," a woman in the waiting room said. Other satisfied customers include Valerie Harper and Barbara Howar. Men tend to lose a little faster than women. The average woman loses 3–4 pounds a week; the average man 4–6. David Garth lost 45 pounds in 2½ months. "I never felt better in my life," he said. Garth has been on the maintenance diet for 2 months and hasn't gained back the weight.

Bob Adelman, a free-lance photographer, who went to another doctor, lost 65 pounds in 2 months. "It seems to have shrunk my stomach," he said. "What impressed me most was that there was no yoyo syndrome." After 6 months with Dr. Forman's diet, Mickey Rottman, a magazine and newspaper distributor, and a marathon eater whose former Faroukian weight was 262¾ pounds, is down to 190 and still losing. "I must have been on 60 diets," he said. "This is the only one that fills me up. Even my shoes are too big." A gourmet, Rottman has added consommé, chicken and ersatz ice cream sodas to the regimen. He takes maple-walnut-flavored powdered protein, adds water and skim milk, and puts it in the blender.

PHOTOGRAPH BY JESSICA SYDNEY R. KALISH

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But a few months of weight maintenance doesn't tell the tale. The rate of recidivism among dieters has always come dismally close to 100 percent. "Most people quit after 36-48 weeks," said Dr. George Blackburn, who did much of the original research on liquid protein. The real problem—and the goal of the diet—is to keep the weight off permanently, and for that, behavior modification therapy is necessary. (The diet is best for extremely obese people. Those with fewer than 20-25 pounds to lose will not be on it long enough to change their eating habits and will gain back the weight immediately.) Compulsive overeating is like alcoholism; one can never take just that "one bite" of Sara Lee. Its roots can be traced to depression, lack of assertiveness, stress and family difficulties. Dr. Blackburn, who runs an obesity clinic in Boston and consults with B.F. Skinner, has been working on these problems, and also offers an exercise program. "There are booster and refresher courses and monitoring," he said. "We've done 2-4 year followups. One-third of our patients with 40 or more pounds to lose have kept it off. These people are never discharged. There's no such thing as a cure."

In his book, Dr. Linn says that 80 percent of his patients kept their weight off, but that statistic is not accepted by other doctors. "The figure was based on patients of at least a year—but they didn't place an importance on behavior," said Linn, who has a hard time giving a straight answer. Linn is the object of some controversy within the medical community: he is not an M.D. but an osteopath; and he has taken other people's research and built a commercial empire on it. Discounting professional jealousy and the general uptightness of the medical profession, Linn does not inspire confidence. These days he hardly has time for his patients, having become a minor media celebrity. He flies around the country from lecture to talk show, and divides the rest of his time among his three clinics in New York, Philadelphia and Washington. A press person in Washington handles his appointments.

About eight months ago, Linn moved away from the cosmetic approach to the total behavior approach. His patients now have a complete, open-ended behavior therapy program developed by Dr. Louis Gershman, professor of psychology at Villanova University. It is too early for any statistics. He also began giving his patients a new liquid protein formula, one with "better patient acceptability." It tastes better.

Dr. Blackburn doesn't use liquid protein anymore. His patients eat lean meats. "You get the results," he said. ●

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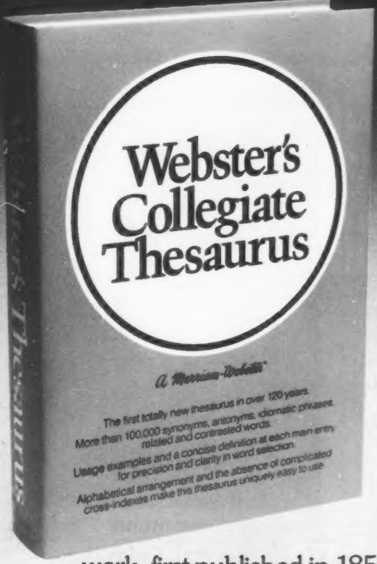
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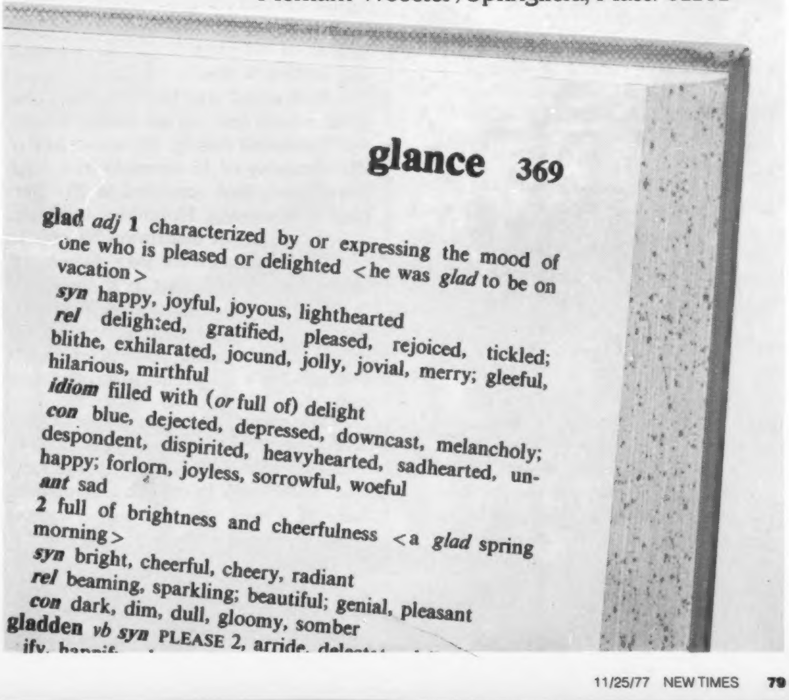

glance 369

glad *adj* **1** characterized by or expressing the mood of one who is pleased or delighted <he was *glad* to be on vacation>
syn happy, joyful, joyous, lighthearted
rel delighted, gratified, pleased, rejoiced, tickled; blithe, exhilarated, jocund, jolly, jovial, merry; gleeful, hilarious, mirthful
idiom filled with (*or* full of) delight
con blue, dejected, depressed, downcast, melancholy; despondent, dispirited, heavyhearted, sadhearted, unhappy; forlorn, joyless, sorrowful, woeful
ant sad
2 full of brightness and cheerfulness <a *glad* spring morning>
syn bright, cheerful, cheery, radiant
rel beaming, sparkling; beautiful; genial, pleasant
con dark, dim, dull, gloomy, somber
gladden *vb* ***syn*** PLEASE 2, arride,

Books/By Geoffrey Wolff

...And all that Jazz

Basie and Hammond: The Count was economical

John Hammond on Record: An Autobiography, *with Irving Townsend.* Ridge Press/ Summit Books (Illustrated: 416 pp., $12.95).

Selections from the Gutter: Portraits from the *Jazz Record*, *edited by Art Hodes and Chadwick Hansen.* University of California Press (Illustrated: 233 pp., $12.50).

Mezz Mezzrow's venerable *Really the Blues* is the cup-retiring jazzman's autobiography, all the keys touched, gangster-run speaks, Bix anecdotes, between-sets lingo, hyperbole about booze & broads, this horn the most, that set of chops the best. . . . It could without adjustment do as a parody of the form, but it's also a hell of a good book, and Mezz was an authentic oddball and fine clarinet player (whose love of weed caused marijuana cigarettes to be known in some circles as "mezzes").

Really the Blues is a Chicago book, and white. For something less easy on the ear, deeper and I guess truer, try *Beneath the Underdog*, published six years ago, the autobiography of Charles Mingus, a black bassist and one-time pimp. One of Mingus' closest friends was the black trumpet player Fats Navarro, a heroin addict, a brilliant instrumentalist and bitter, hating man, who died of T.B. in 1950. Now, you can't get very far into jazz before you stub against black resentment of the white setup. Mingus is quite wonderful about all of this, recounting Navarro's incarceration in Bellevue after he flew apart, and his meeting there with a psychologist with a comic-opera German accent who told him that "Negroes are paranoic, unrealistic people who believe the whole world is against them." Yes. Navarro told Mingus how it went, and Mingus tells us: "They make us famous and give us names—the King of this, the Count of that, the Duke of *what*!"

John Hammond, a white record producer most often bound up with the fortunes of Columbia, has not, as far as he tells it, given anyone names. But he has made a lot of people, and himself, famous. The selective discography at the back of his autobiography, written with the help of an old friend, begins in the early thirties with Garland Wilson, Fletcher Henderson, Coleman Hawkins, Joe Venuti, Teddy Wilson, Benny Goodman, Bessie Smith and Chick Webb. And carries forward, decade upon decade, through Red Norvo, Count Basie, Billie Holiday, Mildred Bailey, Bunny Berigan, Charlie Christian, Billy Taylor, Jimmy Rushing, Ray Bryant, George Benson and Aretha Franklin. Along the way he has picked his share of turkeys, and has moved afield from jazz, being the first to recognize for recording purposes Bob Dylan and Bruce Springsteen. By the testimony of his book his life has been a satisfaction to him.

Hammond was born in 1910, into great wealth and, on his mother's side, the Vanderbilt family. He was raised in the company of 16 servants in a huge townhouse, and schooled at St. Bernard's, Browning, Hotchkiss and Yale, which lattermost institution he quit to indulge his passion for jazz. He played violin for awhile, but had the good sense early on to give up his ambitions to play and to turn from record collecting to record making soon after he left college. He's no great discovery as a writer.

As might be expected of a man who reveres black music, he has busied himself, as a philanthropist and activist, with black lives. We are speaking here of a man who can write, without much evidence of humor, "I wanted to be Jewish."

His secret as a producer has been his compulsion always "to be the first to hear a great player, see a new show, and find out what is going on in every town and city I can get to." This continues, to the point that he rises early each morning and reads virtually every newspaper and magazine he can buy. His independent income has given him the freedom to travel to listen, and the time. Luck gave him taste.

I wish he knew better how to express it in words. He is pretty good explaining his affection for Count Basie's economy and precision as a pianist, but he is less able to articulate his interesting reservations about the merits of Duke Ellington. He has wonderful stories to tell, I think, about Benny Goodman's lapses of musical taste, but he hasn't the words to tell them, despite his willingness to share his sometimes low opinion of Goodman, his brother-in-law, as a character. Once only, writing about the jazz clarinetist's intrinsic difficulty with classical fingering and the position of the mouthpiece, Hammond moves in close, and away from throwaway generalizations. More often, he tells how good Basie is, or Bessie Smith, with the air of a man announcing a cure for cancer. But *John Hammond on Record* is a good-willed book, and not in the least self-justifying or complaining. (Apart from everything else musical he has produced, the fine young blues guitarist and singer, of the same name, is his son.)

Art Hodes is a gritty Chicago pianist who came on to New York, and like Hammond (or more appropriately like

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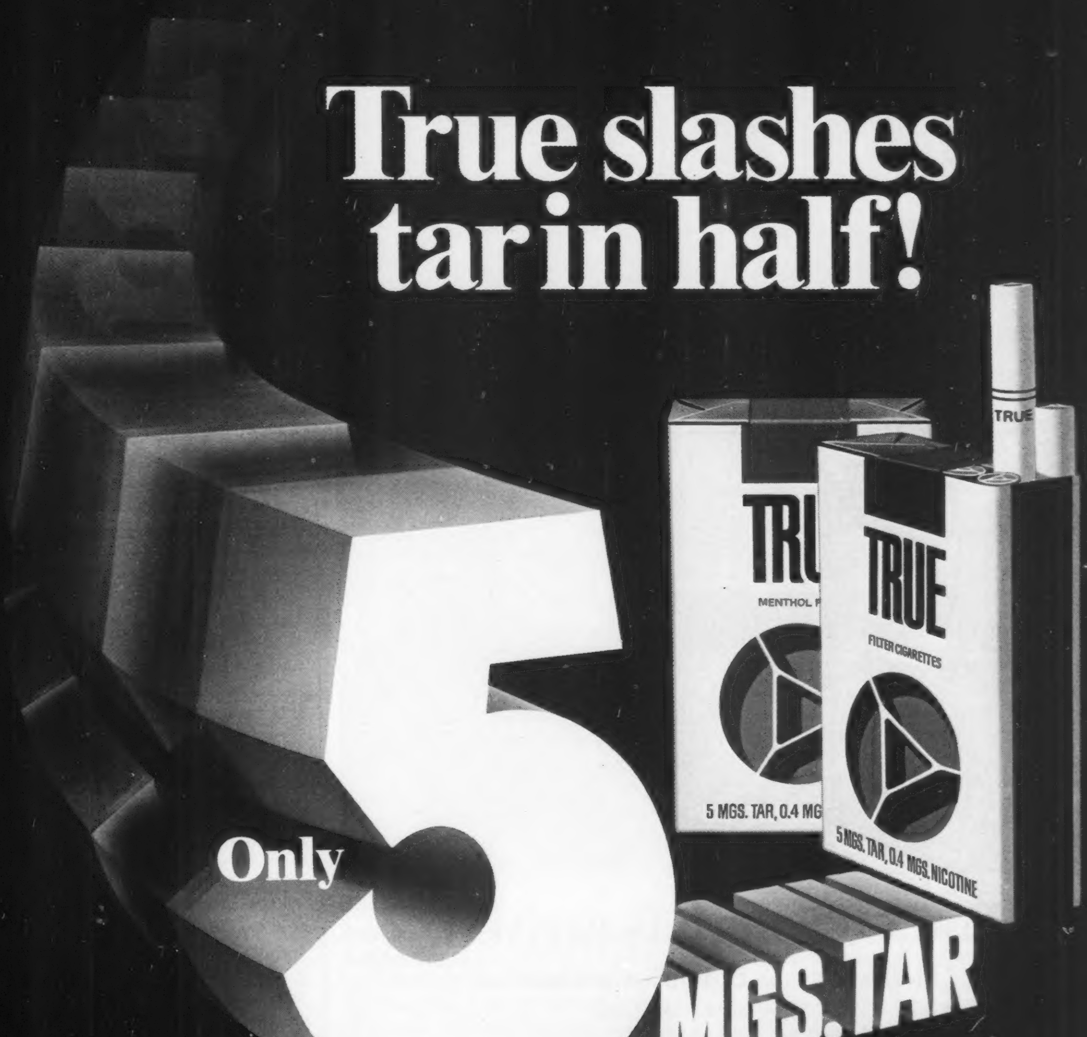
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Hodes' chum Mezzrow), he knows everyone. During the mid-forties he was also the founder and editor of *Jazz Record*, a funky periodical that observed no color line, and recorded, without self-consciousness, the oral histories (taken by another editor in shorthand!) of whatever musicians happened by the New York office. So here are stories in their own, as they say, inimitable voices by Hodes himself, Cow Cow Davenport, Big Bill Broonzy, Mezzrow, Zutty Singleton, Omer Simeon, Pops Foster, Baby Dodds (Drummers are great talkers, trumpet players are taciturn: why is this? You'd think of both as showboats, no?), Bunk Johnson and George Wettling. And about 30 more.

Hodes—two syllables—is the best talker, uncalculating, candid, angry or loving right there, on the page. No ornamentation. Speaking of someone he admired: "The guy could drum, and he loved to drum." A recollection titled "Taxi Dance Hall" begins headlong, right into the chorus: "Ten cents a dance—that's what they pay me—do re do re do sol—July, 1941—Dick Donohoe and I living on West 90th Street, New York—Short of dough, as usual. You remember Dick? Plays trumpet and a little fiddle; arranges; a valuable man in any band, especially where there's more than one horn needed." Isn't that fine? Precisely fixes the guy, second string, but good to have around, and not third string.

These histories should be taken in bits rather than together, or they'll sate you. They have their pattern: the handmade fiddle or guitar, piano played in church, first visit to St. Louis or New Orleans or Chicago, first impression of King Oliver or Jelly Roll, first job, first record, the decay of the old standards . . . On the other hand, they're lexical resources of some importance. (Cow Cow Davenport brings news that the locution "easy rider" refers to a guitar swung from the neck on a long string, something you won't find in Eric Partridge's *Dictionary of Slang* or in Wentworth and Flexner's *Dictionary of American Slang*.)

Mezz Mezzrow is the most articulate—and the most sophisticated, another story—critic among these musicians (and occasional jazz fans) collected from the pages of a long-gone magazine. But plain talk and uncomplicated motive have their virtues. Asked why he took up cornet instead of trumpet, Wild Bill Davison replied: "It's a hell of a lot easier to blow." And that tetchy, brilliant tenorman, Lester Young, asked how he came to change from drums to sax, answered, "bein' lazy, y'know . . . Carryin' all them drums got to be a real grind. I decided I'd better get me a lighter instrument. That's all there was to it, man."

Movies / By Richard Corliss

Men, Women and Valentino

It's old news by now, the only genuine movie news of the seventies: Hollywood, once the Dream Factory, is now the Macho Machine. The image of Mr. Tough Guy, the Man's Man who's really a 12-year-old with hair on his chest and a bulge in his pants, has dominated the screen for so long that we tend to forget how Hollywood got by for forty years with strong actresses in strong roles. Garbo, Dietrich, Davis, Crawford, Hepburn—we refer to these ladies by their surnames because their force of personality (their own and their characters') earned them the impersonal respect we normally reserve for men. Only Streisand receives that acknowledgment today, and that has less to do with strength than with stridency.

We grant that an old Garbo or Davis movie would end with our heroine falling into the arms of some undeserving mannequin with a waxed mustache—but the fall was always from a great height, as befits an Olympian figure, and the surrender was often a case of *noblesse oblige*. We grant also that Hollywood's attitude toward these goddesses can be seen as sideways sexist: in melodrama, at least, woman could be man's superior but never his equal. (Well, hardly ever: the point of many of the best romantic comedies, from *The Awful Truth* to *Pat and Mike*, was the symbiotic equality of the sexes, in the office and in bed.) But we insist that Old Hollywood's women were more appealing, engaging, intelligent, liberated than today's one-dimensional houris and harridans—when, indeed, you can find them, gyrating or castrating their way through five minutes of Mr. Macho's life.

So it's pleasing to discover that Hollywood is harboring a small nest of feminists in its gilded jock strap, led by Alan Ladd, Jr., president of Twentieth Century-Fox feature film division. In the past year they have bankrolled a quartet of "women's films"—psychological dramas concerning and starring women (and, yes, written and directed by men). One of these films, Paul Mazursky's *An Unmarried Woman*, awaits release; on the three others, results are mixed. *3 Women*, which was weirdly funny when it skimmed the surface of an adolescent power relationship, lost itself during a second-act deep-sea dive into the schizophrenic soul; *Julia* took Lillian Hellman's memoir of political courage and wrapped it in a Blackglama fur of *absolute*ly gorgeous water-lily snapshots. The first film condescended to women, the second canonized them.

Bancroft and MacLaine: A midlife crisis of ever-diminishing returns

Neither picture had much to do with the way women (and men) live their lives, because both were simply switches on the two prevailing subgenres of the macho movie. *Julia* was a femme-buddy film, with its pair of superstars battling injustice and being wonderful in the manner of Newman and Redford, Redford and Hoffman, Hoffman and McQueen, *etc*. *3Women* (which was really about the two or three sides of one woman) took the impressionistic case-history approach toward a character teetering on the cutting edge of psychopathy—see *Cuckoo's Nest*, *Walking Tall*, *Taxi Driver*, etc. If you ask a moviemaker why he's content to focus on bon vivants and borderline crazies (even in drag) while ignoring the drama of everyday existence, he'll tell you the middle class doesn't go to the movies anymore; they stay home and watch laundered versions of the same buddy and psycho fantasies on TV. And if they want to see a slice of their own lives, let 'em eat *Soap*.

To his credit, Ladd obviously thinks things can be different. He deserves praise for putting his money where his mind and heart are—especially now, with the appearance of **The Turning Point**, Arthur Laurents' story of two bright, articulate, caring women facing the midlife crisis of diminishing emotional returns. *The Turning Point* is by no means perfect (its climactic confrontation almost lapses into the ludicrous, and director Herbert Ross' images too often settle for the kind of Hollywood cliches the script avoids), but the movie deals so intelligently with so many points of interest and concern to the forgotten middle-class audience that it comes as a breath of fresh, invigorating air in the fetid locker room of seventies cinema.

One woman dances, the other doesn't. That's how Deedee (Shirley MacLaine, in a marvelous performance full of understated, perfectly true moments)—a budding ballerina twenty years ago, now a mother of three—sees her relationship to Emma (Anne Bancroft, who is starting to look and act a bit too much like Melina Mercouri). Back then, Emma won the role Deedee wanted, and went on to the heady and footloose career of a *premiere danseuse*. Now Emma's career is reaching its end; the spring in her step is gone, leaving her to dazzle on sheer starpower. For Emma, an important part of her life is over; for Deedee, the important part never began. So Deedee sublimates; first as a handmaiden to the arts, running a ballet school in Oklahoma with her nice-guy husband (also a former dancer); and then, when she brings her talented daughter, Emilia, to New York to train with Deedee's old company, as a housewife and part time cheerleader to the artists. The success of Emilia (Leslie Browne) becomes vital to both Emma and Deedee. Emma wants to relive, and thus prolong, her own triumphs by teaching Emilia everything she knows about dance; Deedee needs to experience those movements and emotions at one small generational remove, through Emilia, her own life's blood. Like daughter, like mother—Deedee hopes.

Though it speaks in a tone of gentility, warmth, irony, sincerity and considerate candor (all those qualities the educated middle class likes to think of as its own, and which it will gratefully recognize here), *The Turning Point* is about many things. It's about marriage: the way living for one person you love can mean so much, and yet not enough. (When Deedee's husband encourages her to go to New York, she smiles and says—and means it—"Are you trying to get rid of me?" And he smiles and says—and means it—"No, trying to hold on to you.") It's about art and artists: the way we make extraordinary demands on, and allowances for, the craftsmen we turn into Crosbys and Crawfords. ("Why is it," Deedee asks Emma, "that the problems of people like you seem so much more important than the problems of people like me?") It's about friendship: the way a bond can also be a bind, especially when you have to choose between your friend and yourself. It's about middle age: the way we come to regret not what we did but what we didn't do, and how the road we've chosen comes to look like a dead end. It's about the blind faith and stunning arrogance of parents: the way we want—for all our lip service to independence—our children to be better, more beautiful versions of ourselves.

It's about all these things and more because Laurents' screenplay approaches these half-life-and-half-death matters roundabout—through the story, through his characters and their feelings—you never get a sense of being talked at (as in *Julia*) or shouted down (as in *3 Women*). The script is witty and knowing about people, the way smart people talk, the way they don't say but do show what they mean. It inhabits a world of graceful movie writing that seemed to die along with the studio system itself—with exceptions, notably Laurents' own *Summertime* (Katharine Hepburn and Rossano Brazzi) and *The Way We Were* (Streisand and Redford). That pair of stories about improbable affairs (spinsterish American meets humpy young Italian in *Summertime*; plain brash Jewess meets humpy young WASP in *The Way We Were*) could have been trivialized or inflated—they weren't. *The Turning Point* could have degenerated into the bathos of daytime drama—it hasn't. To watch Laurents & Co. turn middle-class menopause into something almost beautiful is to see the daydreams and nightmares of the American bourgeoisie validated, treated with understanding and respect. Which is a high falutin way of saying to all you semi-hip family folk out there: it's your story and you can cry if you want to. You and the film both deserve those tears.

For a comprehensive summary of what the rest of Hollywood has been up to during the seventies, you could stay home and watch **Mario Puzo's The Godfather: The Complete Novel for Television.** (Which is exactly what you've been doing, right?) There, in Francis Coppola's revision and expansion of his *Godfather* films, you get in four nightly doses the saga of how a poor Italian boy rises to the top of his profession through finesse and guile, and how the savor turns slightly sour when his most ambitious plans meet with popular opposition. I'm referring, of course, not to Michael Corleone—the brilliant and tortured Mafia leader who acts less like a one-a-da-boys Don from the mean streets of Little Italy than a noble scheming doge in the back streets of medieval Venice—but to Coppola himself. With *The Godfather* (1972), he showed the front-office skeptics that a young film-school graduate who'd directed several flops could make an elegant, operatic, personal movie that was also the top-grossing picture in history (until *Jaws* and *Star Wars*, which were also directed by young punks). With *The Godfather: Part II* (1974), he threw mogul's caution and narrative coherence to the winds and made a slow, dark, cold, claustrophobic study of the Don in decline—and though *Part II* duplicated its predecessor's achievement by winning an Oscar for Best Film, it barely broke even at the box office. Any moviegoer on 42nd Street could have told you why: the first film was brimming with artistic violence, the second was drowning in violent artistry. Puzo's novel was a page-a-minute, stay-up-late, screeching-tires "good read." Coppola, to his creative credit and financial debit, was more interested in a "good look."

All the endearing and infuriating traits of the decade's most talented new filmmakers—the grandeur of their vision and the longueurs of their pacing, the loving depiction of period detail, the freedom given actors to create their own space and time, the obsession with carnage as the American way of life, and with tough men for whom death is a business and a pleasure—are on opulent display in the TV version. You can also watch a handful of young actors (Al Pacino, Robert DeNiro, James Caan, Talia Shire, Diane Keaton) grow into stars before your eyes, or inch toward stardom. You can even see about 40 minutes of scenes not included in the original films (and with good reason: they're mostly irrelevant vignettes that do little to propel the story or enhance the mood).

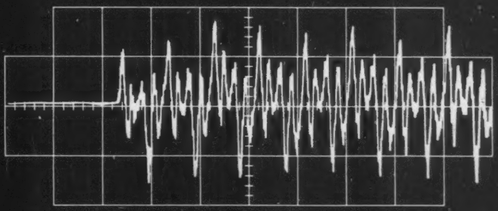
What you can't see are the subtle gradations of color tone, from a dark rich brown to the most enveloping black, that made *Part II* so sumptuous a big-screen experience; the shadings are lost on TV. Television also imposes its own rhythm (ten minutes of talk, cut to the chase, cut to the commercial), and this makes much of *Part II* look even more languid than it is. And because Coppola's re-editing has put the events of the two films into chronological order, we become even more aware of the missing thirty years in the Don's life—and in the Prohibition Era that was crucial to the growth of organized crime. Say, Mr. Coppola, what are you doing for the next five years? How about *The Godfather: Part III*? What a novel *that* would make for television!

Ken Russell drove the last nail into Rudolph Valentino's coffin—and, it's thought, into Rudolf Nureyev's acting career—and the critics have had their own peculiar fun hammering away at Russell. I come not to bury **Valentino** (it's been interred since the day it opened) but to praise it—with great reservations, and a little sheepishly. The movie is about as scrupulous a biography of the silent-movie heartthrob as its opening image—a headline from the *New York Times* that reads: "World Shocked! Rudy Dead Dead Dead!"—is an accurate reflection of that sober newspaper of record. Like all of Russell's films, *Valentino* is a lurid fantasia, a mad variation on the theme of life and art in the movies. Since he's dealing here with an actual movie star instead of one of his favorite romantic composers (Mahler, Liszt, Delius), his grotesque dream sequences have a firmer connection with the kinds of old movies he's savaging and evoking. Rarely has a man loved to hate something with as much bilious brio as Russell does Hollywood.

The movie runs into the same structural conundrum that perplexed Coppola in *Godfather II*—when you show a figure on the way down, you lose narrative momentum—and Russell's attempts to keep jacking the story up become shrill and silly. But I can't bring myself to revile a movie in which studio bosses board up a smashed funeral-parlor window with casket tops; or a star's mourning train is so huge it has to be carried by 12 acolytes in purple veils; or a sheik's tent looks like a pair of tumescent mushrooms; or a huge theater is filled with nothing but a thousand sobbing females. Call me a ninny, but I find Russell's baroque bad taste exuberant and exhilarating.

And I find Nureyev's performance a unique, bizarre triumph—sometimes

Will the real B.B. King please stand up.



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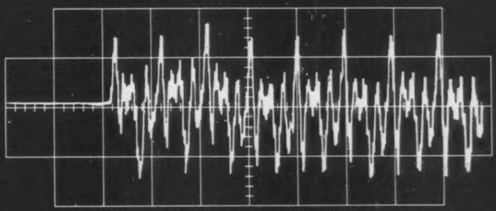

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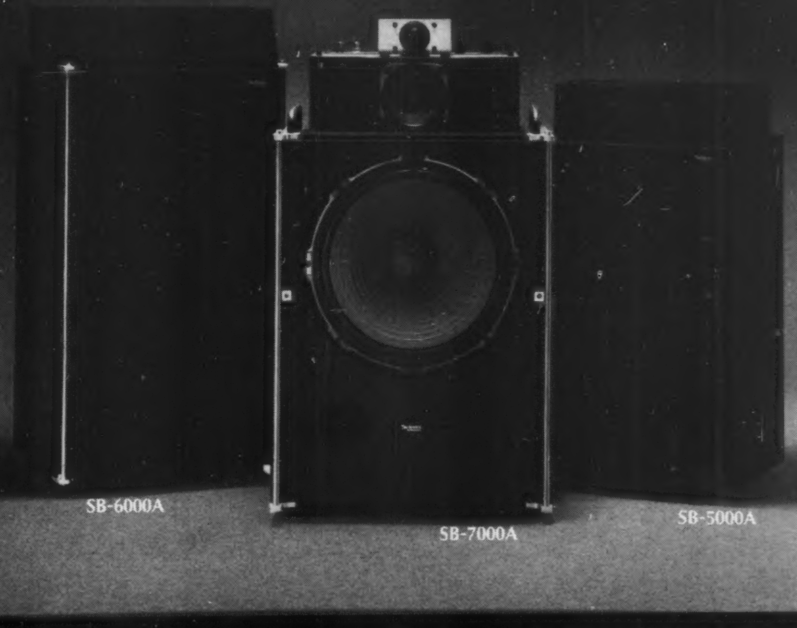

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in concert with Russell, sometimes over him. From the opening moment, when we discover Valentino dancing a tango with Nijinsky, to the end, when Valentino staggers to his death, Nureyev carries himself with a sublime, otherworldly presence that goes beyond acting, or even dancing, into a kind of physical poetry. Throughout, he suggests Chaplin in the precision and audacity of his movements; and when he speaks, he reminds us of Eric Rhodes, the comic actor who played continental gigolos in a few Astaire-Rogers movies. (Rhodes' most famous line: "I am reech and I am preety." Nureyev is both.) Part of Nureyev's charm here is in his vulnerability, submitting graciously to the indignities of the moviemakers—even as Valentino did. Nureyev proves he could have been a great silent-screen star; Russell reveals he would like to have been an old-time movie director. The tragedy is ours and theirs: Hollywood is dead. These days Tinseltown can accomodate a Farrah Fawcett but not a Greta Garbo, a Nick Nolte but not a Nureyev. Onward and upward with the arts!

Records

By Jim Miller

★★★ Stick To Me, ***Graham Parker and the Rumour*** **(Mercury).** *Stick to Me* is Graham Parker's weakest album to date. Too many of Parker's new songs suffer from overworked metaphors ("Soul on Ice") or overwrought lyrics ("The Heat in Harlem"). Parker's singing also sounds strained: his voice, an emphatic croak with a tendency toward whining, frequently seems incapable of nuance.

Except for such shortcomings, *Stick to Me,* like its two predecessors, is one of the most exciting rock records of recent years. A large part of the credit must go to the Rumour, a group of punk band veterans who play frills, riffs and solos like there was no tomorrow: ensemble rock isn't usually this compelling. Throughout, keyboard player Bob Andrews and guitarists Brinsley Schwarz and Martin Belmont provide Parker with rock-steady support.

Parker's extravagant vocal style can be peculiarly effective, as "I'm Gonna Tear Your Playhouse Down" shows. Originally a sly revenge lyric cooed by Ann Peebles with insouciant malice, Parker cannot help but snarl the words maliciously. The result is a bristling performance that almost makes the Peebles version sound bland rather than cunning.

A similar urgency catalyzes "Clear Head," "The New York Shuffle" and "Thunder and Rain." These three tracks resoundingly capture Parker's genius for full-throttle rock and roll: singing like a hoarse Chuck Berry, Parker charges through the changes spitting out words like bullets, with the Rumour in hot pursuit. While newcomers should begin with *Howlin' Wind*, their brilliant debut, fans will want *Stick to Me* as well: its few high points are that good.

★★★ The Best of Rex, ***Rex Allen, Jr.*** **(Warner Bros.); ★★★ Country Boy,** ***Don Williams*** **(ABC/Dot).** By evoking the pop-cowboy artlessness of the Sons of the Pioneers and the stately plainness of Jim Reeves, Don Williams and Rex Allen, Jr. have both helped rescue country ballads from Nashville mush. Both have pleasing baritones, both have an earnest and unadorned delivery and both sing a lot of love songs. Including such memorable hits as "I'm Getting Good at Missing You," Allen's latest album offers a representative sample of his engaging style.

Even more impressive is Don Williams. A Williams tune closed the recent Peter Townshend/Ronnie Lane collaboration, *Rough Mix*,

devout simplicity—a note Williams sustains throughout entire albums. Suspended between romantic credulity and rustic piety, *Country Boy*, which Williams produced himself, is a minor masterpiece. His music imbues apparently maudlin sentiments with a quiet dignity: serenity has rarely been so listenable.

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I AM OVER 21 YEARS OF AGE

Tomorrow Belongs to the Rabbit/By Renee Loth

Final Tribute

The exterminator cometh, and the bug is an endangered species. The Volkswagen Beetle will no longer be sold in this country.

It was Hitler's greatest contribution. The people's car, he called it. And, like real bugs that survived centuries of change and gallons of Raid, the Beetle survived the onslaught of the American auto industry.

From its arrival here in 1949 (at $995 per), the Beetle steadily endeared itself to the American psyche until, in 1970, a record 569,000 of the "pregnant roller skates" were sold. They were cheap and efficient, but good bargains alone don't make legends.

Conceived by German tyranny, the bug became a symbol of ecology, anti-affluence and American youth in rebellion. Bumper stickers, first spotted on Beetles, were redundant—the car itself proclaimed "Save Our Earth" and "McCarthy in '68."

The Beetle driver got more than his 30 miles per gallon. He got to experience joyous sensations when he wasn't supposed to, such as the sheer delight of churning along in first gear during a blizzard and passing some poor rich soul spinning the tires of his Lincoln ever deeper into the snow. Or the inner glee upon passing an overheated car, steam and water spouting furiously, on a desert highway miles from nowhere. It was like driving a middle finger on wheels.

Doyle Dane Bernbach claimed that "Small is Beautiful," and suggested that buying a Beetle would make your house look bigger. The agency's award-winning anthropomorphic ads gave the car a life and spirit taken up by everyone from fraternity brothers (who traded in jammed telephone booths for stuffed Beetles), to Woody Allen (who, in the future world of *Sleeper*, finds a 200-year-old bug that starts right up), to Walt Disney (whose three films starring Herbie, the Love Bug, have grossed over $50 million).

But not everyone loved the love bug. Portly passengers were less than charmed by the cramped quarters. High school romeos were similarly disenchanted with the back seat. And besides, the trunk was absurdly small and simple to break into, the defrosting system was virtually useless, and the fenders crumpled as if they were made of aluminum foil. No matter that they were air-tight and floated ("If Ted Kennedy drove a Volkswagen, he'd be President today" read a 1973 *National Lampoon* parody of a Beetle ad). No matter that you could actually squeeze a Beetle into a parking space several inches smaller than the car itself. There were some people who were simply unnerved by the idea that the gas tank was the only thing between the driver and oblivion.

Ralph Nader took the VW's safety standards to task. He claimed that the Beetle was plagued by the same structural defects as the 1963 Corvair, the subject of his expose, *Unsafe at Any Speed*. In crosswinds, Beetles behaved like autumn leaves. In accidents they were more prone to flipping over and ejecting their passengers, who were then more prone to getting killed. And, Nader concluded, every VW made between 1961 and 1967 carried a gas cap that could pop off under pressure, possibly surprising the occupants with a fatal explosion or fire.

And many post-war patriots simply couldn't support "Hitler's car," no matter how cute it was. Even today *Volkswagenwerks* smacks of fascism. The corporation employs 72 percent of the town of Wolfsburg, Germany, including boys and girls aged 14 to 18. Citizens pay their utility bills directly to Ma Beetle, which generates electricity for the factory and the town. The mammoth, mile-long plant turns out a car every 15 seconds.

In 1974, Volkswagen declared its first annual loss ($200 million) since World War II. American inflation and the devaluation of the almighty deutchmark sent the price tag on the Beetle soaring toward $4,000. One American dealer reported a sales drop from 60 bugs a month to 60 a year. But Volkswagen rallied its uncanny ability to read public opinion and came up with the enormously successful Rabbit. There are already half a million water-cooled, front-engine Rabbits hopping down America's highways, and they're multiplying.

But a quarter-century of bugs will not be stamped out easily. Though there are less than 700 new Beetles scattered among America's 1,100 VW showrooms, Beetle owners will drive their cars until they can go no more. And some day, centuries from now, someone will find a '69 Beetle with the keys in it. And it will start.●

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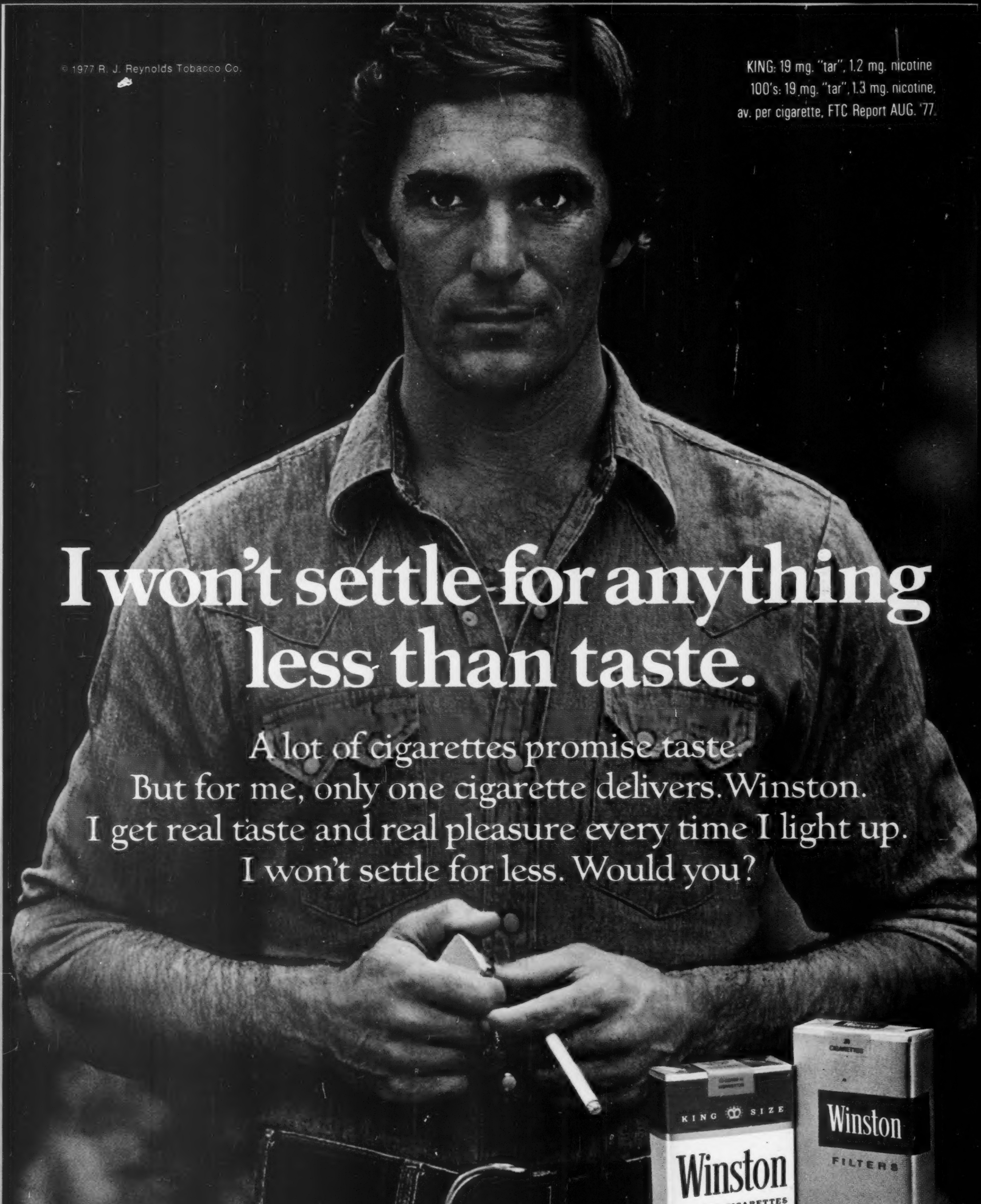
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